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The BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER 1/-

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The Bystander, May 24, 1939 No. 1849. Vol. CXLII.

The Bystander

A Summer Number

This publicity still of Jean Parker was ideally chosen by United Artists' press office to tempt the editor of a summer number. As well as being seasonal, the radiant young woman is topical to Londoners, for her newest film had a royal premiere on Monday in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London and is now running at the London Pavilion. It is called *Elephants Never Forget*, and it is a fair-to-good comedy with Oliver Hardy and Billie Burke. The fat comedian, now reconciled with partner Laurel, made this film while estranged from him and was partnered instead with elephants. Turn to page 306 for pictures of him and them

Baron Louis de Rothschild, *head of the Austrian branch of the world's top Jewish family, is free after fourteen months' confinement in the Hotel Metropole, Vienna (where he was on the same floor as Schuschnigg, but never saw him). The ex-prisoner of the Nazis, seen on his arrival in Paris with his sister-in-law, Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, refused to disclose the terms of his ransom, one of which is plainly silence on the past. But his hair speaks for him—it has turned white*

The Crown Prince of Denmark, *Frederick of Oldenburg, and his charming Crown Princess, formerly Ingrid of Sweden, were the guests of honour at the annual dinner of the Anglo-Danish Society at Claridge's last week—here they are with their host and president, the Danish Minister (Count Reventlow, left). They stopped off in town on their return from opening the Danish Pavilion at the New York's World Fair*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russian situation remains as extraordinary as ever. The Soviet has made its position perfectly clear, that it is not interested in anything else except an agreement based on equal obligations. That is to say, if they promise to help us when we're in a jam, we must promise to help them. They want, in fact, a Three-Power Pact with ourselves and France, and this apparently is what the Government is reluctant to accept. So the negotiations, which have already been going on for two months, continue to drag.

MEANWHILE, a splendid body of chaps have sprung into the public arena to denounce the idea of any pact with Soviet Russia. They held a meeting last week, to which they invited me in a jolly little leaflet. One of their passionate arguments against the very notion of being helped against the Axis by the Kremlin is the following. "The Soviet Government and its associates are ceaselessly striving to involve Western Europe, particularly Great Britain, in war in order to compel the British Government to borrow gigantic sums on the terms dictated by the financiers of New York who promoted the Russian revolution." This is the world's low-water-mark in muddled thinking, even in an age which contains Signor Gayda.

THE Government's White Paper on Palestine is a remarkable example of back-pedalling. It is not so many months ago that they accepted with enthusiasm the report of a commission which said that Jews and Arabs could not join in a single State, and that therefore Palestine must be divided. Now they say that Jews and Arabs can join in one State, and that in ten years this State will be in full working order. It is admitted that the Government is in an almost inescapable dilemma owing to the actions of some of its predecessors, but even that is no excuse for jumping about like a mouse on a hot saucepan.

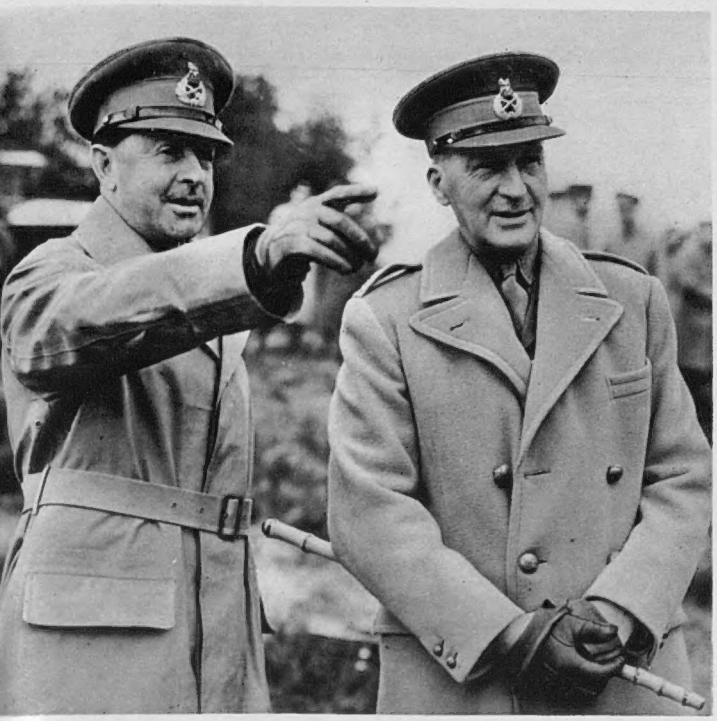
THINGS are not well in Cyprus, but the situation is carefully hushed up by the authorities. At the beginning of Holy Week, the Cyprus police forced their way into the Archbishop's house and searched it from top to bottom for arms and munitions, and finally marched off with the plans for the establishment of an ecclesiastical museum. And a few days ago, when the Archbishop's deputy was allowed by the authorities to return from banishment to Nicosia, the priests rang the church-bells, and were promptly fined. What is it all about? Can it be that the British Raj, or whatever it's called, is not popular with the Cypriots? Perish the thought. Kipling has proved to us for all time, as the quaint saying goes, that the British Raj is popular everywhere.

THERE is a coffee shortage in Italy, and Italian housewives are only allowed to use certain varieties. This is queer, because Abyssinia has grown an immense amount of coffee for centuries. There were at least a million coffee-trees in plantation before the Italian invasion. I wonder what has happened to them. It is impossible to imagine, of course, that the Italian invasion could have done them any harm.

LAST week's by-elections only proved one thing—that the electorate has been seized with a mysterious apathy. Everybody's vote fell heavily. The British are truly an astounding people. When their lives and their fortunes are at stake, they cannot even be bothered to choose people to save them. They don't protest and they don't applaud. They simply stay at home.

NEWS from the evacuation front is still perplexing. Last week I mentioned that Mr. Robert Bernays had remarked in a speech that the Government's policy is to discourage voluntary evacuation in time of war. Now it appears that the Government's arrangement is to reserve eight roads as one-way streets for voluntary "evacuees" from London. This can hardly be described as discouraging them. Mr. Herbert Morrison managed to broadcast on the subject last week without even mentioning voluntary evacuation, Mr. Bernays, or one-way streets. One-way streets are excellent, but a one-way policy would be even better.

SIR RONALD LINDSAY finally did something to counteract the appalling impression which British officials have made upon American public opinion. Up till then the visit of the King and Queen to Washington had been handled by bone-headed bureaucrats, and the Americans were naturally somewhat irritated. Sir Ronald's Press conference (his first) did something to dispel the annoyance.



English Generals *at the divisional exercises at Aldershot recently were Major-Gen. the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander, Commander, 1st Division, and Lieut.-General Sir John Dill, C.-in-C., Aldershot Command. The troops concerned were the 2nd Infantry Brigade, 1st Division, and manœuvres were the first in which the new infantry tank was employed to attack entrenchments supplied with Bren guns and armoured carriers, anti-tank rifles and guns and 3-in. mortars. On paper, the tanks won*

French General *Weygand, wizened little ex-chief of the French General Staff, paid an entente cordiale visit to England last week with General Dufieux and a party of reserve officers, inspected cadets at Sandhurst, was given a banquet by the French colony at the Dorchester. He and Lord Derby (seen together here) both made entente cordiale speeches; they were renewing a friendship made when Lord Derby was Ambassador to Paris*

AMID all the historical descriptions of Quebec that we have been treated to in the last few days, not one that I have seen has quoted the immortal lines about it in 1066 *and All That:*

The elder Pitt (Clapham) at this time had the rather strategic idea of conquering Canada on the banks of the Elbe; learning, however, that it was not there, he told the famous poetic general, Wolfe, to conquer Quebec instead. At first Wolfe complained that he would rather write Gray's *Elegy*, but on being told that it had been written already (by Gray), he agreed to take Quebec.

THE English Soccer team played a draw against Italy. The features of the match were that an Italian punched a neat goal with his fist; that the referee was a German; and that the English team gave the Fascist salute before the match started.

BUT footballers are not the only Englishmen who applaud Italy's institutions. Our representatives in Spain took part in the victory celebrations in Madrid. They had plenty of opportunity to cheer the Italian troops who, in the first place, never went to Spain at all, and, secondly, left Spain in accordance with the Anglo-Italian Agreement several weeks ago, and who, in any case, were in no way concerned with the killing of English seamen by bombs from aeroplanes operating from the Italian base at Majorca.

MY friend Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, has had his flat burgled. He has lost twenty-three gold keys presented to him by schools that he has opened in the course of his duties. I personally don't see why I should pay taxes not only to provide Mr. Lindsay with his salary, but also to provide golden keys for him to clutter up his flat with. But Mr. Lindsay is such a good fast bowler that I am truly sorry for his bad luck. There has been nothing like it since I dropped a catch off him in the slips in 1924.

MISS MARIAN VERNE, nineteen-year-old American dancer, has described Herr Hitler as "a genial gentleman with a deep interest in artistic matters. His eyes go dreamy and you know he isn't seeing anything in the room when he talks about architecture and all the buildings he is erecting." He is also graceful, friendly, and "capable of joking a bit." I wonder if Miss Verne is any relation of Jules Verne, the celebrated inventor of weird stories.

THE British Museum, after long delay, has issued a statement about the Elgin Marbles. It seems that they were being cleaned by an unauthorised process without anybody noticing. This seems strange. There is controversy about the justice of our keeping the Elgin Marbles at all. But if we can't even look after them, then we ought to hand them over to somebody else who can. It seems incredible that the "unauthorised process," in cleaning the most famous of all art treasures should not have been detected by the authorities at the very beginning. The process actually consisted of scraping them with a metal instrument.

MRS. BORDERS fought a famous action last year in the Courts against the Bradford Building Society. Mrs. Borders is in humble circumstances, and she conducted her own case herself with phenomenal skill. She now wishes to appeal against the judgment, but in order to do so she must provide the Court of Appeal with shorthand notes of the evidence in the Lower Court. These notes cost £226. Mrs. Borders cannot pay this sum, and so she will not be able to appeal. British justice is equal for one and all, and a millionaire would have had to pay this sum just as much as Mrs. Borders.

THE West Indian cricketers have had bad luck with their weather so far. As we know, on the authority of Mr. Jingle, they are accustomed to warm weather. Indeed, Mr. Jingle described it as "red-hot—scorching—glowing." In his famous match against Colonel Sir Thomas Blazo, the heat was so intense that even the natives fainted, all except Quanko Samba. The sun was so hot that the bat blistered and the ball was scorched brown. Things were rather different when I went up to Lord's to see the Tourists play the M.C.C. But even though conditions were against them, I got the impression that they are rather a second-rate side. The bowling especially lacked pep.

THE age of chivalry has gone. Queen Mary went to the Chelsea Flower Show in pouring rain. As she went round the grounds she came to a puddle which covered the whole path. The committee-men put a plank down so that her Majesty could cross. Sir Walter's ghost was distinctly heard laughing behind a pot of geraniums.

CAPTAIN DAVID BONE, the famous Master of the Transylvania, told me the following story.

A friend of his, wishing to congratulate Harold Vanderbilt on winning a yacht-race in America, rang him up. A man answered the telephone, and when asked: "Is that Mr. Harold Vanderbilt?" replied in an awed and impressed voice: "Oy, oy, oy! *Vot* a wrong number!"

News Reel

Camp Supervisor—the New Bishop of London

Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher and Richard and Bobby Fisher put up a tent together, and Mrs. Fisher came out to see how they were getting on. Dr. Fisher leaves Chester, where he has been Bishop since 1932, to make his home in Lambeth Palace when he succeeds Dr. Winnington-Ingram as Bishop of London. He and his wife have been married twenty-two years, and have six sons. Mrs. Fisher is the granddaughter of a former headmaster of Repton, of which school her husband was headmaster for twenty-one years

Parliamentary Mixed Foursomes at Walton Heath

Sir Eric Miéville, who is Assistant Private Secretary to the King, and Mrs. I. Mills, the centre pair in this picture, defeated Lord and Lady Hampden by one hole in the first round at Walton Heath. Several matches had to be postponed until members were free from important Parliamentary duties

Royal Outings—Queen Mary at Chelsea

Queen Mary had to step carefully through the mud and puddles of the Royal Hospital gardens when she went to the Chelsea Flower Show on Tuesday morning last week. The Dowager Lady Ampthill attended her. By the end of the second wet day of the Show the place was a shoe-sucking quagmire

The Princesses in Tottenham Court Road

When Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret made their first and much-publicised Tube journey last week, Lady Helen Graham, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting, and Miss Crawford, their governess, took them from St. James's Park to Tottenham Court Road via Charing Cross (where they started down the wrong stairway), on foot to the Y.W.C.A. headquarters for tea, and home to Buckingham Palace by the same route

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The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Bridge Head" (Westminster)

IRISH plays are always more hopeful than English, because the Irish are probably the greatest literary race in the world, and because, as conversationalists, they are unsurpassed. Language is creatively alive in their mouths, with a touch of poetry which Americans, who are also creative talkers, do not possess. An Irishman in a saloon tossed off a glass of neat whisky to the astonishment of an English friend of mine, who expressed his admiration. "Ah," said the Irishman, "it 's but a daisy in the mouth of a bull to me." An Irish girl, driving me to a Kerry hotel in a car and encountering a goat in the road, remarked: "It 's many 's the time that beast has tested the brakes on me." An Irishman, converging toward the gangway at Cork after a sea-sickening crossing on a boat packed to suffocation with a Bank Holiday crowd, clapped his hand to his head and murmured: "I feel as if I had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana-skin." So it goes on. So Irish playwrights start out with a most operative blessing from their native land.

Squire's daughter: Ruth Lodge

Land Commission officers: Stephen Murray, Wilfrid Lawson

Sketches by Ronson

Small-holders — Irish vintage: Tony Quinn, Charles Victor

And so you would do well to visit Mooney's Hotel, the scene chosen by Mr. Rutherford Mayne for the action of his play, *Bridge Head*, at the Westminster, where Stephen Moore carried on the work of the Congested Districts Board, beset by peasants eager to acquire land, and by gentry anxious to retain it.

THIS excellent play succeeds in raising a single-minded official bent on doing his job, and dogged in the face of all difficulties, to an heroic level. Surrounded on all sides by the selfish, the grasping, the mendacious, the unscrupulous, he plods on his lonely, pioneering way with unswerving faith and devotion, a model of loyalty to the cause. The part, being on one note, does not afford great scope to Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, but he sustains it with a fine fidelity that wins our admiration. And when, after twelve years of hard labour, he resigns his office in favour of a successor, the parting from the room in which his superficially dull struggles have been waged wrenches our hearts, for we do seem to have lived and fought with him. There is a kind of honest truth in this play rarely found in our London theatres. The character-studies of applicants for land are observed from life and firmly controlled. The author, like his hero, seems impervious to temptation. It is sincerity, no less than art, that wins for this effort a commendable victory.

MR. LAWSON does not carry off, on this occasion, all the acting honours. He shares them with Mr. Charles Victor, who, as a would-be land-grabber, acts with so much vigour and spontaneity that he would have been worth a high place among the Irish Players at their best—which was round about 1912. The play, too, would have been worthy of their repertory, and should be supported. It will not, of course, set the Thames on fire—but, oh! the plays that try to!

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT recent bequest of nearly £100,000 by a rich widow for the benefit and welfare of our already wealthy bow-wows, birdies, horses, and other dumb chums, wrung a gasp of protest even from the popular Press, a pretty mushy old hunks itself so far as animals are concerned. Yet, after all, this fresh windfall for our furred and feathered brethren coincides very elegantly with the increasing wave of savagery to small children in these islands and the steadily rising number of babies who are beaten, burned, bruised, starved, or abandoned every week by citizens who have taken a dislike to them. We read the other day of a six-months baby which, when the N.S.P.C.C. people discovered it, sported two black eyes, a bruised face, and a broken arm. No flogging was ordered for the citizen responsible, and his sentence was a little less than what he would have received for ill-treating a dog. This kind of thing, coupled with that sick and even blasphemous slop over animals which the Press everywhere encourages, has sometimes inspired us to remarks which have made us unpopular with blondes, and also with rich women of every hue. The odd fact being that rich women don't mind your being as rude to them as you like but the slightest rudeness to their doggies lashes them into a fury. Psychiatrists have a name for this, but we forget it. A corollary was noted by Mr. Douglas Woodruff in a pleasing *mot* the other day — something to the effect that numbers of the English would probably lead better lives if they thought their doggies would like them to.

"And I tell you that when I left Paris there was nothing in it but silkworms"

Students of history will be aware with more or less perturbation, despair, or resignation, that increasing animal-worship is one of the signs of the decline and fall of a State and the decay of a civilisation, as is a tendency to the vast and monumental in architecture, according to Spengler. But don't let such thoughts put you off your iron-shots, for Heaven's sake.

"Not bad, but you must learn to keep your hand steady"

Pan

THAT dreadful custom, started — we regret — by Auntie *Times* and now followed by the entire London Press, of daily reproducing the cruel features of Big Business men in the City pages, is adding more and more to the public's nervesick and jumpy condition. Few breakfast-time experiences could be worse than turning, after a preliminary shudder at the front-page headlines, a page or two over, finding some predatory, vulturine, or vulpine pan leaping at you from the financial columns, and being raked by two merciless eyes. The effect on us, personally, tough as we are, is to make us cringe involuntarily. The effect on less crusted natures must be much more alarming: a brutal shock, we imagine, developing into a hideous fascination, as when one faces (at the Zoo) the direct gaze of a tiger. It is to be noted, however, that tigers have an evil beauty which is very rare in the City.

Many business moguls evidently realise the horror of their pans, and strive in a clumsy way to appeal to any blondes who may look at their photograph by trying to appear winsome. One of them the other day looked like some awful Monna Lisa, older and harder than the rocks on which he sat, another like Holbein's Henry VIII., a third like Goya's Alcade of Torrejon just before the bull got him. A fourth was snorting down the wind like Landseer's Monarch of the Glen, a fifth leered horribly like that great gargoyle called the Stryge of Notre-Dame de Paris, and a sixth looked like the Laughing Cavalier with dyspepsia. But whatever they look like, their photographs shake the public nerve and bring despair and fear to many a blameless British breakfast-table. One must not forget that the Art Editor of every daily selects them the day before, after a slap-up luncheon and a bottle of the best. Cynicism and sadism equally mingled could rarely produce better results.

Farewell

NOBODY can do much more to Sussex, anyway, we said to ourselves, stifling the mild pang of unhappiness with which we read that the Marquess of Abergavenny is about to sell a thousand acres or so of Sussex downland and the White Hart Inn at Lewes. The future of the White Hart would have perturbed us more some years ago, when we drank daily there with friends still living, and knew the face of that eighteenth-century "Parliament" clock they keep in the hall as well as we knew our own. The White Hart is centuries older than its cosy Victorian appearance, and it already looks a little disconsolate as the chief inn of a once charming, sleepy old red-

ivied market-town, half-ruined now by post-war ugliness and ripe for much further development. For there is nothing the rural mind detests so bitterly as Georgian, Regency, or early Victorian domestic architecture, of which Lewes was full, or indeed grace and beauty of any kind. So if it turns out that the days of the White Hart are numbered and that on its site will presently rise some abominable fake Tudor roadhouse or Assyrio-Aztec gin palace in glass and chromium, expect no facile tears from this department.

Sussex is doomed. Her villages, barring a rapidly dwindling few like Alfriston, Hurstmonceux, Burwash, Steyning, and Fittleworth, have mostly been maimed or murdered outright by Auntie Progress and her bestial paramour, the speculative builder, and the prices asked for even the tiniest olde-worlde cottages are ridiculous. We personally gave up mourning for Sussex some ten years ago, realising that all things come to an end—" why so glum, my Lad, or my Lass (as the case may be) ? " queries Sussex's noblest poet—and we feel no more pain at realising that the day is not far off when all that once made Sussex Sussex will be swept away ; barring, perhaps, the stinking slums of Brighton.

Misconceptions

In the best manner of a Royal Commission reporting the non-existence of some political racket, the Lawn Tennis Association announced blandly the other day that there was nothing to report following its investigations into " shamateurism " in British lawn tennis. Which seems to mean that no such thing exists as a British amateur taking regular money from manufacturers of rackets and balls and accessories and whatnots. Which is a pleasant surprise, considering the rumours that go round, and shows that people have certainly misjudged some of those hard-faced babies, just as people misjudged the politicians who figured in the Marconi Case all those years ago and were acquitted by a Royal Commission. On which topic the great Gilbert Keith Chesterton, who with his brother Cecil took a leading part in focussing the spotlight on those braves, said pleasantly that it was an article of faith with the English that whereas foreign politicians were very corrupt, their own idols passed their lives in an absent-minded trance, like Mr. Skimpole, kept their eyes fixed on the stars, never inquired whether politics made them richer or poorer, and received their salaries with a start of surprise. Similarly unspotted from the world are the Wimbledon boys and girls, we 're unfeignedly glad to find, and equally glad, we dare say, is Mr. " Bunny " Austin, whose recent lectures in America on Moral Rearmament may or may not have touched on this point.

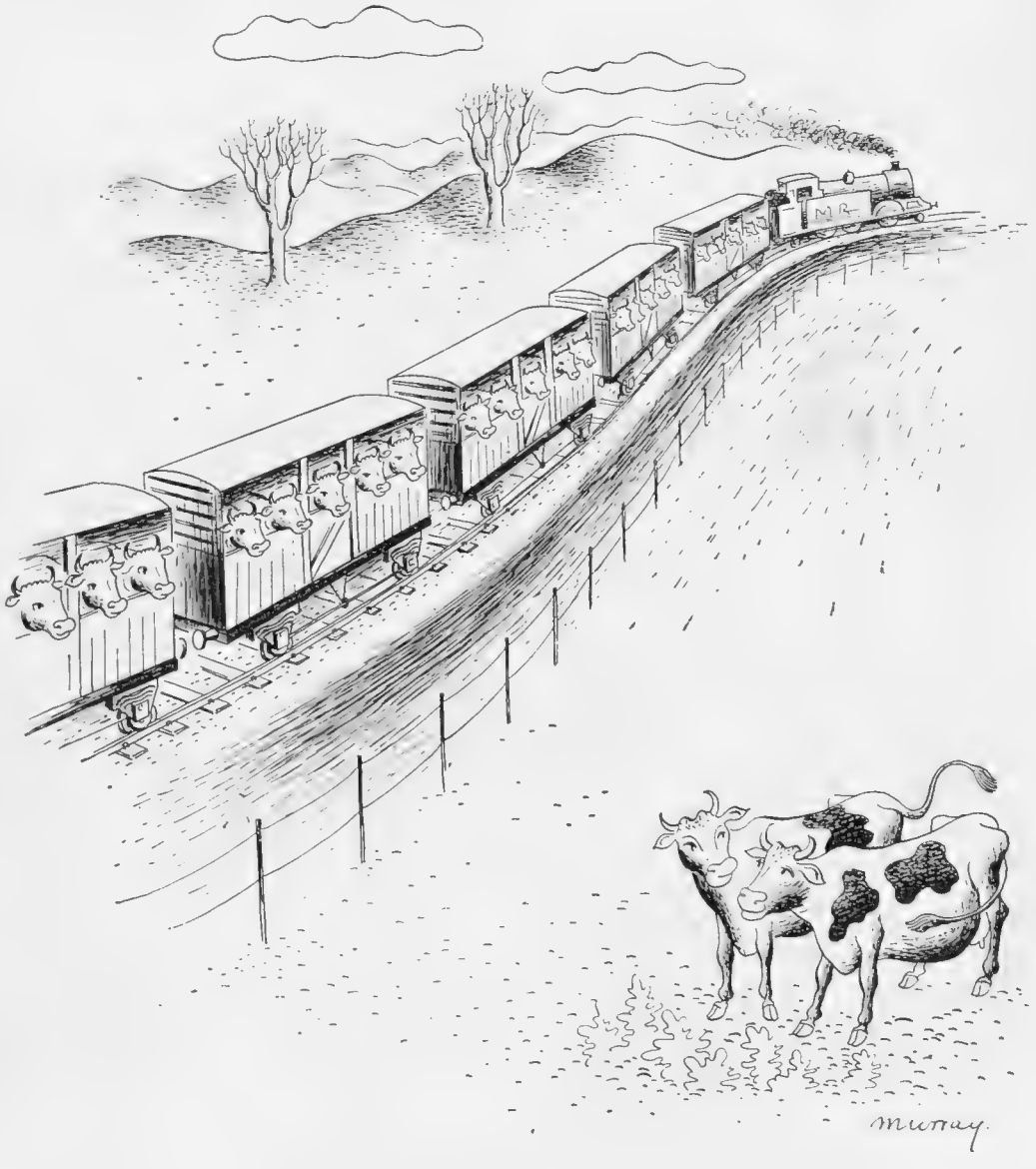
Another misconception about Wimbledon, a chap who knows the place well informs us, is that the big girls of the arena are devoured by jealousy and hate. Nothing but love reigns over the Centre Court, he assures us, and he quoted the case of a big girl who once carried a lame rival for miles and miles and miles before she could find a good deep hole to dump her in.

Bombshell

It 's a very long time since any London newspaper—barring his old buddy, Auntie *Times*—gave Homer a decent break, and we imagine not a few of the Athenæum Old Guard blinked a rheumy, astonished and delighted eye at the *Daily Telegraph's* recent " splash " two-column story, on its principal inside news-page, with its largest headlines, of the discovery by an American savant of what is believed to be the palace of Nestor at Pylos. Such cultural bombshells were not uncommon in the Victorian and Edwardian eras, when editors of national dailies assumed their publics to be interested in such things, but compulsory education has since worked such ravages on the Island Race that few editors would dare to put such a news-story across them nowadays, and even the *Telegraph*, that same day, thought itself bound to explain in a footnote to another news-item what a " Merovingian " was. Whether repeating such an experiment will succeed is problematical, the percentage of British newspaper readers interested in Homeric excavations being probably small. The Parisian Press has long since adopted a commonsense way with news of this kind. *Temps* and *Figaro* apart, they leave it all to *Comœdia*, a daily which prints nothing but news about the Arts, Sciences, and Letters, and would therefore not exist in London a week. This confers a double benefit, (*a*) on chaps who like reading about what 's happening in art and letters, and hence know where to get it in detail and by the basinful, and (*b*) on the general public, who are not made uneasy by brief, apologetic references in their favourite sheets which merely bemuse them and get them nowhere.

We observed incidentally that the *Telegraph's* Special Correspondent knows his Homer by heart and was able to describe Nestor, the Elder Statesmen, the Ripe in Wisdom, the Sweet of Speech, the husband of Eurydice and the father of Perseus, in the poet's own words. This has cast something of a hush over Fleet Street, and the milkbars are full of speculation and dismay.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" It must be an excursion "

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Our Healthy Theatre

It has been a good year in the theatre, as indicated by the drama critics' complete inability to decide on the best new American play of the season. They unanimously chose Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed* as the best foreign play of the year. But for home stuff the New York Drama Critics' Circle was hopelessly split between Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*—starring our own Tallulah—and Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*—starring Raymond Massey. After ten ballots and an afternoon of discussion the critics gave up, with this final score: *The Little Foxes*, six; *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, five; Clifford Odets' *Rocket to the Moon*, two; and William Saroyan's recently opened fantasy, *My Heart 's in the Highlands*, two.

The Odets' play is a sometimes gripping, but often confused, study of a frustrated dentist. Staged with the Group Theatre's customary verve and brilliance, it closed after 131 performances, while an earlier play of Mr. Odets, *Awake and Sing*, came out in revival. The Saroyan exuberant invention is also a Group play, put on originally for five performances as an experiment and now taken over by the Theatre Guild.

The Guild and Eugene O'Neill was just about the most exciting thing in theatrical history of the 1920's, and somewhat the same position is held in this decade by the Group Theatre with its favourite playwright, Clifford Odets. One of the most thrilling moments in the theatre occurred when Odets' short labour play, *Waiting for Lefty*, burst upon our startled ken. *Awake and Sing*, a touching story of Jewish family life, showed new dimensions in the playwright. In this he seemed to do everything he set out to do, which was not true of *Golden Boy*, in spite of the interest he was able to develop in the prize-fighter who was meant to be a violinist.

Rocket to the Moon is concerned with the theme of man's discontent and his fugitive strivings away from earth-bound existence. Odets' dialogue is always superb until he lets his young women begin to represent Aspiration with a capital A, as in the dentist's assistant and also in the girl of *Golden Boy*. He knows his old men, his workers, his humble types, and portrays them with almost incredible clarity; his older women are richly human but his young women are silly, and I 'd rather hear him on the subject of Strikes than Love.

Play Ball!

The country has rushed joyfully to the opening of the season in the great democratic sport of baseball. The teams that have been getting into shape down in Florida have come north for the major-league openings. My sports' adviser is a young man of eleven, who finds no music sweeter than the smack of the hickory bat on the ball and the voice of the umpire shouting "safe" or "out" as the case may be.

Wherever a radio is going in a little shop a group of men is gathered around, listening to the reports of the ball games. Before we had the wonder of radio, the newspapers used to put up the scores on a board outside the office, and there would always be a crowd of fans standing about waiting for results. Now with television—officially open a long time behind the British—we shall probably have little screens on the sidewalks soon, reflecting the play.

There was extra interest in the opening this year, for 1939 is the hundredth year of the sport. According to tradition a young engineering student named Abner Doubleday looked at the ancient games of "one-old-cat" and other bat-and-ball activities, and got the idea of a diamond-shaped field with the players assigned to definite positions on it.

Forecasters have already appeared, with John Kieran, who knows practically everything as well as being sports editor of *The Times*, favouring the Yanks and the Chicago National Leaguers for the World Series, while F. P. A., the columnist and versifier who remembers everything he has ever read excepting his own poems, declares categorically that the World Series will be played between the Red Sox and the Cubs. We shall see.

Hotel List

Madame Marie Ritz, who last year wrote the memoirs of her late husband in *César Ritz, Host to the World*, and who is still very active in the affairs of the Paris Ritz, is over here to see the Fair and to visit some of our leading hotels. At the enormous hotel which bears the name of the best-known Anglo-American family, she was on a guest list which would have impressed anyone but herself: Norway—the Crown Prince and Princess, the Ambassador and his wife; Switzerland—Baron and Baroness Raoul de Kuffner; France—Marquis de Bausset Roqueford; and the untitled but glamorous Americans, Eleanor Powell, Moss Hart and Cole Porter.

Washington Rides Again

Genial Denys Wortman, artist and cartoonist, is a little coach-weary after eight days of impersonating George Washington on a ride from Mount Vernon and elsewhere. He had followed the route taken by the General when he came here 150 years ago to be inaugurated first President of the United States. Mount Vernon was a thriving colonial plantation in those days and New York a muddy town of 50,000 persons.

Wortman was selected to do this arduous job because of his physical resemblance to Washington and his close study of the period. New York accepted him as putting on a good stunt, but, to everybody's surprise, interminable cheering crowds lined the road through the rural sections of Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in a burst of spontaneous enthusiasm. It seems clear that the people of the United States, always diffidently patriotic, have taken a step forward in a conscious recognition of the value of its history and in heartfelt response to the meaning of its democracy.

Lights

Last night I had to go to a show, and afterwards I walked down Broadway from Forty-Fifth Street to the Times Annex, where the news goes round and round in lights, and I practically couldn't move on the sidewalk. It was like the old days, just before everybody lost their shirt in Wall Street, when you couldn't walk at all in Times Square, and had to fall into a cab just to get across the street. There were people around with little cameras trying to photograph this brightest street in the world.

The big signs are much more exciting now than a few years ago, with Four Roses Whisky bursting out in roses up in the air and the Old Gold Circus in electric lights—sawing a woman in half, dancers and fire-swallowers—and Ferdinand the Bull trying to smell a flower and getting shot in the rear by an Indian arrow. Excuse me, but I think New York is more exciting than its Fair.

"Rocket to the Moon" by Clifford Odets was in the running for the Drama Critics' Circle award. Here are Eleanor Lynn, Luther Adler and Morris Carnovsky in it (last two came to London in "Golden Boy")

"The White Steed" by Paul Vincent Carroll (Jessica Tandy and Barry Fitzgerald, above, play leads), was voted best foreign play by New York critics. Their awards are discussed in this week's article

Beaches go gay

THIS striped beach gown is 21/-. Others, in all the colours of the spectrum, from 10/6 to 52/6. Light-weight woollen sports shirt in navy, grey, heather-blue or white, 10/6. Linen shorts, 18/6. Also khaki drill shorts at 12/6, and Week-End Worsted shorts at 18/6. Sandals, 6/6 to 25/-. Reversible swimming shorts woven with Lastex yarn: maroon/grey, brown/green, dark blue/light blue and many others, 17/6.

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A May Day in an Oxfordshire Garden

Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham and her two children were photographed at Wykham Park, the lovely old place near Banbury where she and her husband have made their home. They have, in fact, two houses there, the original one, dating from early in the sixteenth century, and the newer one, large, low, with balustraded roof, which the present owners have considerably enlarged. Mrs. Smith-Bingham was Jean Garland before her marriage in 1930. Her two children are Charles, born in 1931, and Johanna. Her husband, son of Brigadier-General O. B. B. Smith-Bingham, used to be in the 15th Hussars. Mrs. Smith-Bingham is well known in the racing world, and owns several horses, mostly steeplechasers

Stars and stripes decorate the Rotunda of the Fair Administration Building *Photographs by Norman Parkinson*

American youth admires the great 4000-h.p. Diesel engine emerging from General Motors' Pavilion

The New York Fair

The *Bystander's* third impression of the Fair includes two shots of that schoolboys' delight, the Transportation Zone, full of old and new engines, cars, aeroplanes and ships, actual and in models. General Motors, largest single exhibitor, spent a million and a quarter pounds on their Highways and Horizons exhibit. In the Railroads Pavilion, largest structure in the Fair, are the John Bull, sent from England in 1831, and the Coronation Scot, among the engines on parade

The Railroads Pavilion gleams behind a wonderful collection of old American engines

In late May and early June, a rainbow spell of seasons lies over the high mountains of Europe. Down in the valleys, spring's flowery freshness is fading into the deep shimmering heat of summer, when, midday, every window is shuttered against the sun's attack. A few hours above the little valley towns, and the season changes by a month or more. The air is cool and light again, and everywhere are flowers, first the rich abundance of lush meadows, and then the enamelled glowing beauty of plants that thrust up their blooms defiantly as soon as the snow-tide ebbs. Higher still, the winter drifts linger among the rocks, like shrunken outposts of the snow-capped peaks and the white and green glaciers. The Dolomites, where these pictures were taken, have always been, like the Tyrol on their northern border, a great place for English walkers, rock climbers, and mountaineers. And even now, when great roads have been engineered across the mountain passes and through the valleys, turning the Dolomites for restless cosmopolitans into a passage to Venice and the Lido, it is still the man on his own legs who has the best of this peaceful and beautiful world. (An article on the Dolomites and more pictures are in our Travel Section, on pages B, D, and F)

The Dolomites were given a name oddly expressive of the jagged "phenomenal" character of their rocky turrets, cliffs and ridges when they were called after Monsieur Dolomieu, the French scientist who devoted considerable time late in the eighteenth century to the exploration of the district

The flowers in the Dolomites are so lovely and so many, that every with bewildered bliss, and the tourist is torn between buying coloure beauty into his memory. One village even issues a booklet describi

Mountain Summer

From Flowery Meadows to the Dolomites' Rocky Snow-Capped Towers

L. Fränzl, Bolzano

, that every visiting artist goes into a trance, every botanist gasps buying coloured post cards, taking photographs, and just dreaming the booklet describing the twelve hundred varieties growing on its slopes

A. Zardini, Cortina

It was the same M. Dolomieu, who gave these mountains their name a hundred and fifty years ago, who also pronounced their rocks to be a peculiar form of limestone, composed of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia. Before the war, most of the district was in Austria

Noelle de Mosa *as Clarissa, who fell in love with Fortunato, the Dictator*

At Home: *Clarissa dances while her mother is at her toilet*

Otto Struller *as Filippo, a hunchback Clerk, the Dictator's spy*

"Chronica": a new Ballets Jooss, portraying the

Protest: *Andrea, a Nobleman, brother Dictator, to be less brutal to his people*

Kurt Jooss as Ferrone, a Condottiere, follower of Fortunato

dance - drama by the rise and fall of a Dictator

For his new dance-drama, *Chronica*, Kurt Jooss has chosen a theme closely relevant to the events of to-day, though the story itself is said to be based on an Italian manuscript of the sixteenth century. To a town given over to lawlessness and licentious revelry comes a stranger, strong and bold, whose offer to restore order and prosperity brings him a following of townspeople and soon the rulership of the place. But he rules as a dictator with bitter oppression and cruelty, destroying all freedom. A revolt against his tyranny and the pleading of his mistress brings him to repentance, but it is too late, the soldiers are marching against him, he throws himself on their lances, and with his death, peace is restored. The music is by Berthold Goldschmidt, the costumes are by Dimitri Bouchene, the settings, as for all Jooss ballets, are plain curtains. During the provincial tour the choregrapher himself has taken the part of Ferrone (see left), but Ernst Uthoff, who had injured his knee, is now back in the cast. *Chronica*, which has had a considerable success during the tour, had its London premiere on Monday, when the Ballets Jooss four weeks' season began at the Old Vic. There is one other addition to the repertoire since last year: *A Spring Tale*, a fairy-story ballet remodelled by Jooss from what was originally his first work as a choregrapher

Photographs by Anthony

of Clarissa, begs Fortunato, the Rolf Alexander and Rudolf Pescht)

***Finale:** Fortunato is dead, having, in repentance for his tyranny, thrown himself on the lances of his rebellious soldiers, and is mourned by his mistress, her mother and her brother (Noelle de Mosa, Elsa Kahl, Rolf Alexander, Rudolf Pescht)*

Hardy and the Elephants

When he had a quarrel
With Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy
Was not tardy
In coming to terms
With some pachyderms.
But every man
In his life's span
Has to admit
He 's up against it;
Even an actor
Has to acknowledge the size factor,
Especially in a profession
With a prestige obsession.
Though Hardy cuts a big figure
Elephants cut bigger.
So after *Elephants Never Forget*,
Seen here on the set,
Comedian Oliver
Tired of being a Brobdingnag Gulliver
Has delighted every fan
By rejoining Stan.

"Elephants Never Forget" is the film now at the London Pavilion—see frontispiece

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WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

Films of the Day

"Jamaica Inn": Why?

By George Campbell

It is said that, what with the original price of Daphne du Maurier's novel, and adaptations (not used) by such famous people as Clemence Dane, Sir Hugh Walpole, and Bartlett Cormack, some £20,000 was spent on *Jamaica Inn* before they started shooting it. One can only utter the housemaid's awed "Coo!", and inquire, as an afterthought: "Why?"

I had better confess right away that I never read the novel. The wreckers' master-mind has changed from parson into squire, just to please the Censor. Otherwise, I am informed, the film has preserved most of the original ingredients. If that is so, I can only echo the housemaid again, and wonder what it was about the story that so excited Messrs. Laughton and Pommer.

As it stands, it 's fair-to-medium thick-ear stuff, only distinguishable from an average *Bulldog Drummond* by an attempt to serve up the rascally squire with artistic trimmings. The storm scenes and general atmosphere are not bad, though Hollywood always does this sort of thing much better; and there is any amount of action. This is to say that wreckers lure ships to their doom and are only prevented from bagging another by the heroine hoisting her underclothes in the nick of time; tough-looking men pillage and murder exhausted survivors, and try to exterminate each other, in a very heartless manner indeed.

All of which raises a very interesting question. With Mr. Laughton playing Sir Humphrey Pengallan for all he is worth, and supporting players as accomplished as Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and Robert Newton going through the motions of melodrama, why isn't it all frightfully tense and exciting? Most critics agree that it isn't, and the explanation seems to be that not enough trouble has been taken to build up sympathetic characters. The hero is shadowy; the heroine has good looks and a kind heart, but otherwise makes no particular impact, despite the fact that she is played by a promising newcomer from Dublin called Maureen O'Hara; and the pirates are just so much fee-fi-fo-fum.

The one character developed in any detail is Squire Pengallan. Mr. Laughton, rigged out with curls, and a hooked nose, and some fetching Regency finery, plays him with rare swagger and dash, and just a becoming touch of madness. The climax finds him dragging the gagged heroine aboard the packet-boat, obviously destined to a fate worse than death, unless she is one of those lucky girls who don't mind a rough crossing.

People have been wondering whether Shirley Temple, at ten, isn't nearing the end of a long and honourable career. They can set their minds at rest. Her new film, *The Little Princess*, is the best she has ever done. My companion at the pre-view was a literary young woman, very highbrow, who had never before seen her, and had often boasted she never would. At the end she could only dab her eyes with a shamefaced laugh and utter an apologetic "I wouldn't have believed it!"

The Little Princess has everything—a Cinderella story, patriotic military scenes (the heroine's father is one of the besieged in Mafeking), her touching quest of the missing man when everyone else believes him dead, lively humour, and at least one scene of pure fantasy, quite brilliantly devised and directed. Children will be touched by the degradation of the little princess to the kitchen, with her schoolfellows turning cattily against her, and only the sweet Cockney skivvy to do her reverence; they will adore the pretty clothes in Technicolour, and the marvellous dream sequence, and the transformation of the attic by the Indian servant while the heroine sleeps, and her meeting with an old, old lady who turns out to be Queen Victoria, and her final triumphant discovery of her father. *The Little Princess* may not be a highbrow's picture, but it has romance, action, wit, suspense—in fact, everything needed at the box-office, including the kitchen stove. If it isn't Shirley Temple's biggest hit, then I 'm a Dutchman.

"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" should appeal to the same wide public. Mark Twain, like Frances Hodgson Burnett, knew exactly what the public wanted, and *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* are his masterpieces—funny, exciting, and completely faithful as a picture of life on the Mississippi eighty years ago. Huck, with his laziness, his smoking, his lying, his bravery and essential goodness of heart, is the very microcosm and epitome of all boyhood. The women, too, are well drawn, and the runaway slave, fond of his mistress, but dreaming always of freedom, is one of the most effective portraits in Mark Twain's gallery. The acting is admirable all round, with Mickey Rooney as Huck, and Rex Ingram as the slave contributing performances that would probably win Academy awards in a film a trifle more pretentious.

Claudette Colbert has come back. After a series of poorish films she has found, in *Midnight*, a more rewarding vehicle. She plays an American who loses her shirt at Monte Carlo, pawns her luggage, and arrives in Paris without a sou, to meet Don Ameche as a Hungarian with a taxi, and romance. The story is wittily directed by Mitchell Leisen, with the Lubitsch touch, and brilliantly acted by Miss Colbert and John Barrymore.

***Shirley Temple** at ten, is by no means out of the pictures, as some thought. On the contrary, her newest, in Technicolour, "The Little Princess" (New Gallery), is one of her best. Reviewed here*

***Mickey Rooney**, now the acknowledged prince of Hollywood's boy stars, has crowned his delightful studies of boyhood with "Huckleberry Finn," which went to the Empire ten days back. Reviewed here*

"Bystander" Short Story

A Hollywood Surprise

By Phyllis Bottome

Illustrations by Clark Fay

WHEN Stella de la Ray finished reading her letter, she felt as if the world had rolled up into a ball and slid under her feet. At last it was controllable and her own. Even if she were disfigured by bandits, motor accidents, or polo, she was magnificently insured; and she would know that she had not failed. The name that signed her letter was the seal of her victory; but this final pledge of success had not reached her easily. Only an hour ago Stella had lain back in her black-and-white marble bath, gazing sick with suspense and irritation at an extraordinarily good group of magpies painted in full flight across the ceiling. She had said to herself bitterly that she had better take wing, like the magpies, for she had failed. Hollywood was too wild and babyish for her skilled attack; she wasn't the actress she had fancied, and even her beauty, subtle and economical, would always fail "to come across" in a society that only knew it was being pleased when it was knocked down by the size and certainty of its cold-hearted, plate-faced baby dolls!

A baby doll Stella surely was not! She had very dark, straight hair, gleaming with a satin smoothness—hair so black that it made a striking frame for the ivory whiteness of her heart-shaped face. Her mouth was a clear-cut bow, under the shortest of upper lips; and her eyes were gorgeous. They smouldered, blazed, sparkled, or melted at will. That is to say, at Stella's will; not at anybody else's. Stella had a very strong will in a perfect state of preservation. She knew all about her eyes and very nearly—but not quite—all about her will. Her will had often got in the way of other people before now; and they had had to change their way, because of it; but it had never—up till now—got in Stella's way. Still, as Stella read the letter through again, inviting her to dinner, the signature, "John Edgar Cohen," struck an uneasy chord in her memory.

What had she heard about Cohen, besides the fact that everybody—except, perhaps, a stray Hottentot or Fiji Islander—knew "John Edgar" was the greatest film magnate in Hollywood? Suddenly Stella remembered with a pang of disgust: no girl could safely visit him alone! He was sex-mad and sex-bad—a brute who had always had his own way, and took it remorselessly against all resistance. If he asked a girl to dinner alone, he meant business—that is to say, *his* business; you could have the part he had up his sleeve for you if you paid him his price in return.

Many girls had paid it, and been made world-famous accordingly; a few girls—perhaps fewer than they made out—had refused to go to dinner with John Edgar, and had put down their subsequent lack of success entirely to this refusal. Naturally John Edgar disliked having his invitations refused, and John Edgar's dislikes in Hollywood had much the same menacing insistence as Mussolini's dislikes were said to have in Rome. Nobody—not even other film magnates, who delighted in annoying each other—wanted to annoy John Edgar; or, if they felt such a want, they were careful to keep it anonymous.

Of course, stars who had already become the inhabitants of Olympus weren't expected to put themselves out, even for John Edgar. These female lights of the globe could evade—if they ever received—such invitations. If John Edgar wanted Garbo or Dietrich for his films, the negotiations were such as befitted cousinly monarchs: *his* emissaries called upon *their* agents and all that John Edgar asked was to know the figure at which the agents were content to halt.

Such stars—moving about in clouds of glory—could afford to live their lives as they chose. They had to obey the exacting laws of their calling, but beyond their obedience to art, they need acknowledge no living master.

Not so the lesser stars such as Stella de la Ray, for instance! Stella could be made an Olympian by a word—but the word had not yet been spoken.

She had only had one great success to her credit, although she was reasonably sure of others—if she were given the chance.

Even *one* other success, if it were sufficiently spectacular, would be enough; and if John Edgar bestirred himself, Stella knew this would be the final swing on to Mount Olympus.

Once there Stella realised that she would be safe for ever. She was twenty-three years old, and still looked sixteen; on her passport and in the newspapers she was eighteen, and she knew how to stay eighteen. She had wits, but in spite of her wits Stella did not know how to take that final step on to Olympus without John Edgar.

Some girls give themselves willingly to their chosen lovers, and occasionally there are to be found girls who give themselves willingly to almost any lover; but Stella belonged to neither of these categories. She had never given herself willingly or unwillingly to any man. She didn't mind being loved respectfully at a distance—with the usual offerings.

She was quite willing to let herself be looked at, and to smile and accept pleasantly what she was offered. Hitherto this had been her fullest response to the passions she had roused.

Her figure was perfect—the Medicean Venus, after a slight dieting régime, could have equalled but not excelled Stella's lithe, curved body. Stella's feet and hands, her wrists and ankles were considered, even in Hollywood, to be the best on the market. But in spite of polo and water tennis, in spite of morning rides and evening dancing, Stella would be no match for brute strength if she were pitted against it.

John Edgar was no paunch-making slouch of a middle-aged man. He was twenty-nine, and played polo too.

"If I take a knife," Stella said to herself wistfully, "I might not be able to use it! And if I *did* use it, he'd be almost certain to resent it! What shall I do?"

She did the first thing any star does in any real difficulty—she rang up her agent, Mr. Nathaniel Brown. He had the sense to be in, and was a good listener.

Stella made herself understood, but she avoided names; one has to be careful with telephones in Hollywood. Mr. Nathaniel Brown was more careful still—he had to be careful both with the telephone and with Stella—for one has to be careful with stars also—in or out of Hollywood.

"She thinks she's God Almighty," Nathaniel Brown sadly told himself, "and so, in a sense, she is! If she came off that purity perch she might be no good at all, or she might be a durned sight better than she is now—it's a toss-up which—and it's a hell of a business risking the toss she'd take!"

After a prolonged, intelligent, flattering pause, Nathaniel made up that indurated piece of elastic which he called his mind.

"If I were you," he said with a judicious

(*Continued on page* 312)

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"And another thing, Serge. We don't want five million of yer, with snow on yer boots, passin' through England without lettin' us know about it next time"

A Hollywood Surprise

(*Continued from page 310*)

blend of firmness and appeal, " I 'd risk nothing ! You can say you have another engagement and suggest a morning visit with your agent. He 'll know what that means all right. It 's usually done with this particular gentleman if the lady—well, it 's quite often done, and he doesn't mind too much ! What he 'd really mind would be being crossed on the spot, as it were, in—er—in a personal way—you know what I mean, don't you ? "

Stella said " Perfectly " in a cool, assured voice, " but on the other hand," she suggested, " if he doesn't see—if he isn't pleased, I mean—couldn't he let the offer go—to another girl ? "

" He could do all of that," Nathaniel regretfully agreed, " and don't think I underestimate what the loss might be—it 's a tough problem ! I mean, it 's a horrible business—but as your agent I 've got to safeguard *you* as well as your future—in a sense you *are* your future ! If you get upset those millions would give us the go-by, anyway—I mean, I wouldn't for the world have you insulted—and that being so—I should refuse the invitation ! "

It wasn't good enough, Nathaniel sadly told himself. Stella was as proud as a peacock and might scratch John's eyes out. Better let her keep her poise. Tactfully pushed about to the heads of other studios—who hated John Edgar—this purity stunt might get the girl in good. There wasn't any too much of it round Hollywood. Stella rang off. " Safety first ! " Stella told herself contemptuously. " Of course, agents have to say that ! Otherwise they wouldn't be agents ! Only the creative spirit is prepared to take risks—or knows how to take them ! At least—one must find out as one goes—but *God*, how I hate men ! "

Nevertheless, it was a man to whom Stella turned next—for she did not consider Nathaniel Brown to be a man—merely a restrictive pen on a contract.

She rang up a very well-known and extremely good-natured male star.

" Will you come round, David ? " Stella demanded. " I 'm in a frightful jam ! " They were both English, but they 'd learned what " jam " meant in Hollywood, and David said that he 'd be with Stella in under half an hour.

When he came round, in an enormous, silver-plated Hispanola, he asked Stella sympathetically if it were gangsters, for he was under police protection himself, and didn't like it. " In one sense it *isn't*, and in another sense it *is*," Stella explained. " It 's John Edgar Cohen—asking me to dinner."

" Absolutely, Stella," David (whose real name would be a give-away) murmured, " absolutely gangsters ! Force is his middle name, I 'm told, and dirt his nature ! Well, what are you going to do about it ? I 'd be worse than useless, wouldn't I, as an escort—sort of gilded insult—suggesting me to him ? "

" Oh, yes—I can't *suggest* you," Stella agreed mournfully, " and I don't see that I can possibly refuse to go—one has to get on somehow—and I know the cat he 'll give the part to, if I refuse ! But I have an idea ! How would it be if you suggested yourself, right after dinner ? You could ring up from just round the corner, having driven up in your car—detectives and all ! If *he* is somebody—so are *you* ! They 'd have to *say* you were on the 'phone asking for me—and if I said, ' Oh, all right, David—I will later ! ' you 'd know I was seeing my way safely through it—and just go on waiting outside till I came. I shouldn't stay long in any case ; and if I said, ' It 's just what I expected—and I 'd rather *not* ! ', somehow or other you 'd come *inside* ! "

" Rather ! " David said and smiled. He had a very nice smile on the screen or off it—a warm-hearted, amused, *real* smile. That his teeth were extraordinarily good was an agreeable accident, but the feeling behind the smile was no accident—it was a part of David. " That 's O.K. with me," he added, " if you don't get rattled ! But we 'd better fix our times carefully and see that our watches match. I 'll be there, whenever you say, and stay as long as you wish. And if you should have to say you 'd rather not, you can count on my getting inside ! "

Stella nodded in a businesslike way. She had a businesslike feeling about David. He had always pleased her ; and that he liked her was one of her best Hollywood assets—perhaps Stella did not know herself quite how good a one ; but she had found it work on several previous occasions. Still, she had never taken the trouble to find out how much David liked her. She knew he had a wife whom he didn't live with, and yet didn't get rid of. So Stella supposed that David couldn't like her very seriously. He had made no other suggestion, but then, they were both English, so that they knew from the start the laconic system of taboos common to these expressionless islanders. David had once murmured to Stella after a particularly pleasant dinner-dance : " Nothing doing ? " with a rising inflection, and Stella had repeated the same two words with a falling inflection.

They were even better friends after this little incident, and may have been said to know each other far more intimately than the most blatantly exposed of Hollywood lovers.

Having made her decision, Stella accepted John Edgar's dinner invitation with courteous brevity, and sent it by hand to his studio. No one was supposed to know John Edgar's private address, since, for his own protection, as well as that of his guests, John Edgar always sent his own car to bring people to dinner. He had two gunmen on the box who knew their business and liked their salaries.

Stella dressed with great care, and after a pause for reflection, extremely well, even for a Hollywood star. She wore flame colour and black velvet, and not too much of either. She had a cabochon ruby set in a thin platinum chain round her throat. She felt a pulse beat under it, and for a moment, glancing at herself in one of the long mirrors that lined her bedroom, she thought that the ruby was alive. It seemed to move with a spirit of its own.

Stella wasn't exactly frightened, but she was excited. She had made no definite plan for the evening. She meant to please John Edgar enough for her purpose and not enough for his. She rubbed her cheeks and bit her lips—beyond a little invisible powder she used no make-up at all. She flung a black velvet cloak about her shoulders and ran downstairs, remembering, with a sense of reassurance, David's kindly smile.

It was a help to her, but she knew that most of her help must come from herself.

She was going into danger, as she went on the screen at the shooting moment : the difference was that there were no camera men, and whatever was going to happen would really happen.

The drive was long ; the great car ran with a silken smoothness that concealed its speed. The stars hung huge and ominously light out of the cloudless blue bowl of the sky. A sickle moon rose slowly higher and higher, her slender shape secure and inviolable, though there seemed nothing in the vast emptiness through which she moved to hold her as she climbed.

Stella was not sentimental, but her eyes followed the slim sickle with envy. No one pursued or attacked that shining form ; unattended and unmenaced, the young moon kept her shining course.

John Edgar Cohen met Stella in his huge, semi-Tudor hall. He was exactly what she had expected. Coarse, stupid, unpleasantly intimate—without sense or consideration. Nor had he any manners to make up for his lack of morals. A good tailor had done what he could for John Edgar, but no tailor, however good, could have added distinction to a surface so incapable of taking it.

John Edgar was a healthy, not wholly, shapeless animal who had had the sense to take plenty of exercise : that was all that could reasonably be said for him.

At dinner Stella ate and drank what was necessary for the sake of politeness ; she knew it was a superb dinner, but she tasted nothing. All her wits were absorbed in the effort to be as charming as she dared in a manner that would keep her host at a controllable distance.

Perhaps Mae West could have managed the situation better than Stella managed it.

It is probable that this wise lady would have guessed one thing that entirely escaped Stella's notice. Mae West would have known that John Edgar Cohen was bored. He was bored, but he concealed it from Stella because he was a man of business and knew his business ; better than Stella knew her business of being a woman. His big teeth flashed, his hot eyes roved, his clumsy fingers pawed and clutched, but his senses remained unappeased and unappeasable.

When he rang a bell beneath the table it was not only, as Stella supposed, a signal for the coffee ; it was also a signal for the producer of the film John Edgar was considering to appear with the coffee. A signal that came much sooner than Max Eberhart had had any reason to expect it would come He was a smaller, better mannered and more intelligent human being than his master, and Stella hoped that she did not show her wild relief at his entrance.

In spite, however, of her efforts, the sparkle in her eyes became freer, her lovely lips less fixed ; she unbent and was—for the first time that evening—beautiful.

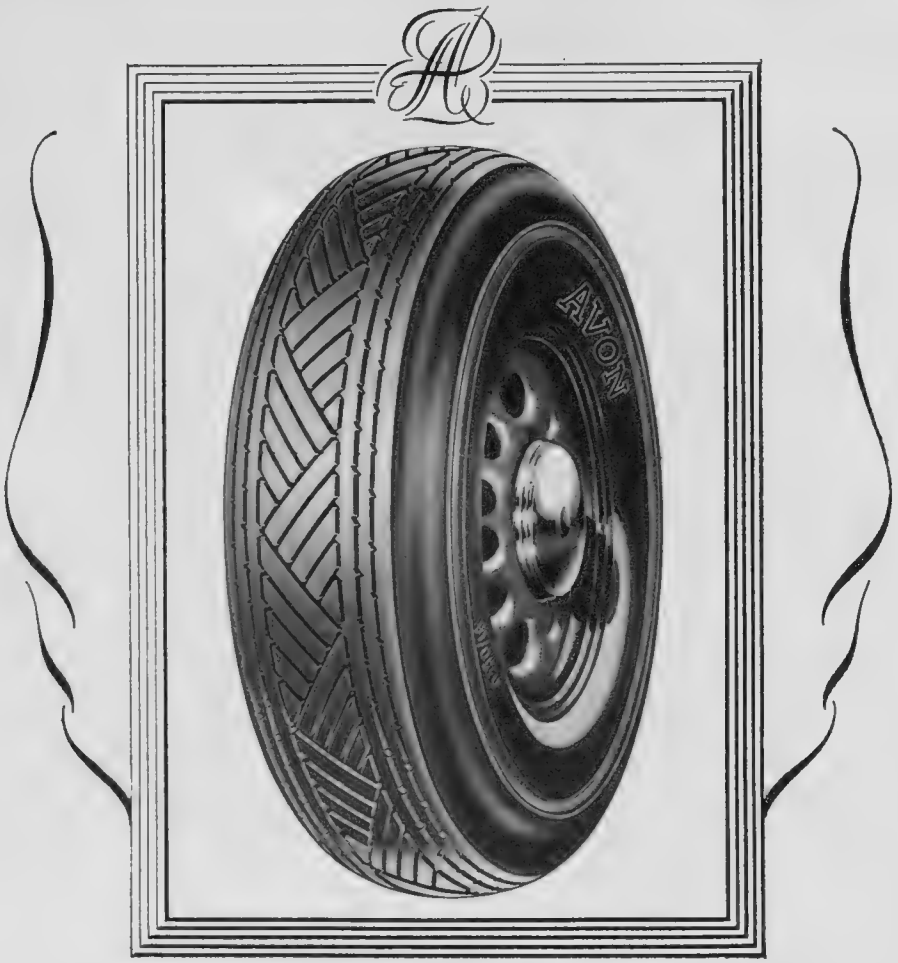
The two men understood each other perfectly, and their secret signals to each other proclaimed their satisfaction. Stella had failed as a woman but as a star she had succeeded. " How the hell the public can like a girl as cold as a fish and as hard as a lamp-post beats me ! " John Edgar told himself, " but she 's a good-looker, I 'll say—and, after all, on a screen, what more do you get ? "

After dinner John Edgar led the way to his library, filled with books he never had either the time or the inclination to read. They had begun to talk with the freedom and keenness of people who knew their jobs and depended on each other for collaboration. It was a good talk and Stella never missed a cue, but a curious feeling began to take possession of her. The relief she had felt at the entrance of Max Eberhart wore off, and in its place she felt conscious of a numbing sense of disappointment. She knew now that there was nothing left to fear—the fight hadn't come off. Was that what was the matter ? Surely she hadn't wanted that horrible trial of wits against violence ? And yet a quite peculiar and dreadful feeling—of having missed fire—shut down upon her roused senses. She was as inviolable now as the climbing moon ; couldn't she be satisfied with that ? But she hadn't been put to the test—and why hadn't she ? There could be only one reason for John Edgar Cohen not taking what he wanted, and that reason would be that he didn't want it ! Stella had not annoyed him—for there he was, sitting opposite her, relaxed and yet intent, with a satisfied smile on his thick, coarse lips.

He was saying to himself : " This girl will do ! She 's a money-breeder." She would do for what he 'd planned as business, but she hadn't fulfilled that other part of his plan—for pleasure ! Not that she 'd refused it ! She 'd just—as he 'd seen in a flash in the hall—been cast all wrong ! He 'd tried to jolly her up at dinner, but she ate like a bird and drank next to nothing, and her eyes gave him no more response than a shirt-stud !

She wasn't frightened—that would have been one kind of fun ; and she wasn't friendly—that would have been the other.

(*Concluded on page viii*)



A N N O U N C E M E N T

After prolonged research and practical tests, the Avon India Rubber Company presents a new motor tyre. The new Avon is a luxury tyre and offers important advantages over existing tyres. It provides a degree of silence never previously attained; it has exceptional road-holding qualities and cornering power; and in addition, it is of very handsome appearance and is capable of thoroughly satisfactory mileage. Available in both Standard and Heavy Duty types, the new Avon is priced but five per cent. higher.

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Social Register

POLO SEASON

Lady Louis Mountbatten and a Mascot

Lady Louis Mountbatten went to Roehampton to watch her husband's team, Adsdean, win the Whitney Cup again, to hold the wallaby mascot, and to present the Cup. Lord Louis Mountbatten, at back, played a fine game that day, when Adsdean, the holders, beat the Juggernauts by seven goals to six

DURHAM HONEYMOON

Viscount and Viscountess Brackley

Lord and Lady Brackley are honeymooning at Lambton Castle, his uncle Lord Durham's place, and went over to Sedgefield from there for a day's racing. They were married just over three weeks ago. Lady Brackley (Lady Diana Percy that was) is the Duke of Northumberland's sister, and her husband is Lord Ellesmere's heir

MAY OUTINGS IN FURS

Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn

Mrs. Fishburn ("Bunting" Stephenson that was) was out one morning in a navy-blue dress with touches of white, and only furs to keep off the cold wind that made last week more like November than May

Mrs. R. O. Critchley

Mrs. Critchley, in dark-blue jersey and skirt, a little bolero jacket and furs, was at Ranelagh for the Colts Cup final. Her husband and his twin brother, G. H. Critchley, were playing for Edmundsbury, who beat the Swallows by ten goals to three

A WEDDING

Mr. Slater and Miss Gloria Howey

John Anthony Slater and Gloria Rosemary Pamela Howey were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is in the R.A.F., and is the second son of S. H. Slater and Mrs. A. E. Borton, of Cheveney, Yalding, Kent. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. P. Howey, of 20, Aldford House, Park Lane, W.1, and Littlestone, Kent

A CHRISTENING

Spencer Clive Lyttelton and His Parents

Major the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Lyttelton's son was christened Spencer Clive at St. Andrew's, Ashley Place, with Lady Rothes and his cousin, the Hon. Charles Lyttelton, as godparents. Major Lyttelton is the younger brother of Viscount Cobham; his wife was Judith Clive before their 1931 marriage. This is their first child

The Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor

Mr. and Mrs. Stonor (Jeanne Stourton that was) were leaving the London nursing home where their daughter was born in April, to go back to Assenden Lodge, near Henley, where they live. Their daughter was christened three weeks ago, with the Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain as a godmother

BOOKS AND PICTURES

Sir Lionel Earle, the Hon. Mrs. Earle *Mr. Gordon, Miss Greenhill*

Lord Huntingdon takes a class at the L.C.C. Arts and Crafts School at Camberwell in fresco, which he studied with the Mexican artist, Diego Rivera. This L.C.C. School is the only one to have such a class. Lord Huntingdon is better known as Viscount Hastings: he succeeded last month, on the death of his father, the fourteenth Earl

The Earl of Huntingdon and His Class

Sir Lionel Earle gave a party in his Sloane Gardens house to view the Royal Record of the Coronation Planting Committee, for which he has written a preface. With him here is his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Earle. Above, right, are Archie Gordon, son of Lord Dudley Gordon, who compiled the record, and Elizabeth Greenhill, the binder of it. She has bound several royal volumes

Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges is an artist as well as a very distinguished soldier, and an ex-Governor of South Australia. He is holding an exhibition of his paintings at the Fine Arts Gallery. With him on the right is his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin, helping him to hang his pictures. Her husband is Viscount Chaplin's heir

Lt.-Gen. Sir Tom Bridges and His Daughter

***On the seventh green** in the final, Mrs. Eckford Wallace was putting, while her partner, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (behind, left) and their opponents, Mrs. Ramsey and Miss Anderson, looked on. In the background is the Turnberry Hotel*

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry (16th Year)

The Last Two Days: By Eleanor E. Helme

MRS. ECKFORD WALLACE and Miss Purvis - Russell - Montgomery, by winning the BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes when they were the holders, have achieved something which nobody else so far has done in these. Runners-up have reached the final—Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson can claim that distinction—but this is the first time that the same names have decorated the cups two years running.

Nobody could say that they did not deserve it. Miss Montgomery might humbly remark that she got away with some topped shots, but if so they were strictly reserved for matches when I was watching somebody else, and never a one of them did I see in the semi-final and final. She has lengthened, so that in the final it was very seldom that Miss Jessie Anderson got anything off her in that respect, her putting was above reproach, and it will be a long time before onlookers forget the sterling seconds with which she went for (and carried) the burn at the sixteenth in the fifth round and again in the final.

If praise has been written first of Miss Montgomery, that does not mean that less is due to Mrs. Eckford Wallace, whose golf was of a very high level throughout. Above all, her putting was of that standard of reliability which drives any opponent to despair and partner to exultation.

As for the runners-up, the mistakes of Miss Jessie Anderson were negligible in number, and most highly forgivable,

The Winners Take Their Cups

Mrs. Eckford Wallace (Murrayfield) and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry) (6) won the "Bystander" Scottish Foursomes for the second year running by defeating Mrs. Ramsey and Miss Jessie Anderson at the nineteenth. Mrs. Kinloch, captain of the Turnberry Ladies' G.C., presented the prizes

Winners, Runners-up and Semi-finalists

Behind are Miss H. MacGlashan (Auchterarder) and Miss I. A. Walker (Dunbar) (19) who were beaten one up by the winners; Miss W. Macdonald (Turnberry) and Mrs. MacFadjean (Troon) (30), who lost by the same margin to the runners-up. In front, centre, are the winners, and each side of them are Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. J. P. Ramsey (Craigie Hill) (5), the runners-up

On the ninth tee *in the semi-finals, Miss Jessie Anderson was driving off, surrounded by the rocks, heather, bents, seaweed, gorse of the lovely Ailsa course at Turnberry. She and Mrs. Ramsey were playing Mrs. MacFadjean and Miss Macdonald*

since she was carrying a burden of strokes to give and of an adverse balance of length against the side, which was more than she could do. To say that, does not mean that Mrs. Ramsey played no winning shots: her putt at the seventeenth and mashie at the eighteenth in the final bore witness to that, but truth compels the admission that there were others over which charity draws a cloak. After all, somebody has got to lose, and nobody can do much better than take a final to the nineteenth, especially when both sides come home in 36, which is two under L.G.U. par.

So much for generalities. Now let us return in mind to that exhilarating Thursday morning, when the wind had suddenly gone into the north, and the lights and shades on the hills of Arran defied description. Weather was really extraordinarily kind; a sea mist that afternoon, when the wind had backed into the west again, was the only possible complaint to be found against it all the week. And the conviction grew firmer with every round that the old Ailsa course in its new form is a very fine test of golf indeed, as well as a delight to play.

The morning began with Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Jones receiving three strokes from Mrs. Rutherford and Miss Robertson Durham and winning by 3 and 2, while Mrs. Eckford Wallace and Miss Montgomery had a stirring battle with Miss K. Clark and Mrs. Johnson, who received two strokes, were 1 up and four to go, and only lost on the last green.

Miss Susan Walker and Miss MacGlashan had four to give to Mrs. Mackay and Miss Reid, who had electrified Turnberry with a couple of 2's the day before, Miss Reid being a young golfer who until this spring had never so much as completed eighteen holes, only having taken up the game in January. There must be something in the Turnberry air that goes to the making of young golfers. With Miss Reid supporting Mrs. Mackay and Miss Craddock Miss McLintock, when both those seasoned golfers might have expected to do all the supporting themselves, and Miss Winnie Macdonald doing just the same for Mrs. MacFadjean, Turnberry has certainly produced a trio of unknowns who ought, if they progress at this rate, soon to be well known. All three of them having once tasted competition golf, should go right ahead.

That Thursday morning, however, it was young Miss MacGlashan and Miss Susan Walker who did the going, 6 and 5 from Mrs. Mackay's side, and Miss Craddock and Miss McLintock, too, made their last appearance, even nine strokes not being quite enough for them to do more than take Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham to the sixteenth.

Two of the three open champions competing went out in that fourth round, and one of them was receiving two strokes. One has grown to expect so many brilliant moments from Mrs. Holm that if she neither holes a chip nor lays dead the majority of them in any round, the verdict "not playing like herself" is inevitable. Mrs. Stewart did have a few quick hooks, but then, as the long handicap of the party, at an annoying and mysterious ½ 18, she was allowed something, and perhaps the real

(*Concluded on page 320*)

Mrs. W. H. Johnson and Miss K. Clark (Troon) lost in the fourth round to the ultimate winners. On the left is Mrs. Cowie (Murrayfield) who, with her partner, Miss Sherriff, lost to the Troon pair in the second round

Mrs. Cleland (Gullane) and Miss M. Macfarlane (Murrayfield) reached the fifth round (beaten by Mrs. MacFadjean and Miss Macdonald). With them here are Mrs. Wall and Miss McQuigton (Greenock), whom they beat in the second round

Miss M. E. Macdonald (Kilmacolm) and Mrs. A. S. MacLellan (Troon) were first-round victims of Mrs. A. M. Holm (Troon) and Mrs. F. W. Stewart (St. Rule), who were knocked out in the fourth round (by Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Henderson)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Good Performances

THE two most important competitions for amateurs by medal play of the year have been held, with the results that S. B. Roberts, of Prestatyn, won the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase and Andrew McNair the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup, which is usually incorrectly referred to as the St. George's Vase.

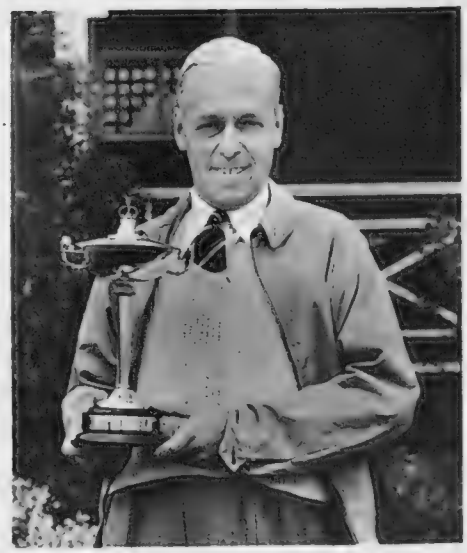
Roberts, who is the first winner of the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase to enter from a Welsh club, has been for some years near the top of the tree in amateur golf and thoroughly deserved his victory on the delightful course of the West Sussex Golf Club at Storrington, near Pulborough. Roberts has played for Wales in international matches every year since 1932; he won the Welsh Amateur championship in 1934 and was runner-up last year to A. A. Duncan.

THE course at Storrington was in first-rate order except for the fact that the greens were decidedly slow; consequently the putting should have been easy, and pitch shots and iron shots bit when they were really hit not sufficiently well to bite on firm greens. Under these playing conditions you would expect many good cards to be returned. Actually the play generally was very disappointing as can be seen from the fact that the winner was the only man to return a total better than an average of four shots per hole, and he had only one shot in hand.

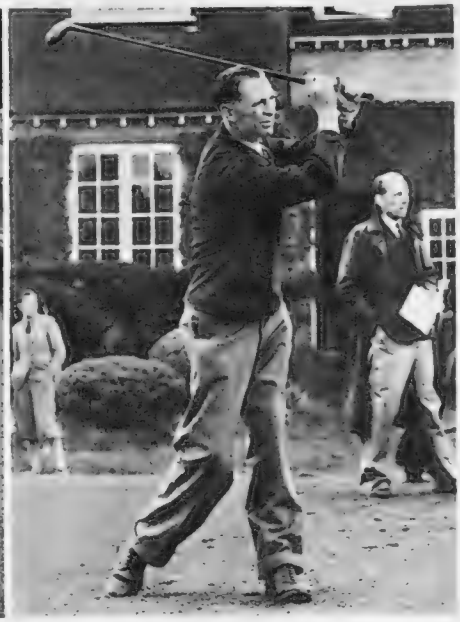
Roberts' score of 71 in the morning was the best score of the day and gave him a lead of two shots over McNair and Stanley Anderson, two dangerous customers to have in close pursuit. McNair last year won the Chanctonbury Ring, which is played for on this course, and consequently had a good knowledge of the course besides being at the top of his game. Stanley Anderson is always dangerous on a course where it is not essential to hit the tee shots a long way and the course of the West Sussex G.C. was clearly to his liking.

McNair and Anderson, who started a long time before Roberts, after lunch did nothing very wrong, and returned cards of 73 and 72 respectively, which meant that Anderson

(Concluded on page viii)



Norman Neale (Hendon) was the winner of the Society of London Golf Captains Coronation Cup at Sudbury. His score of 83—8=75 was two points ahead of V.G. Sanders (Sudbury) and R. F. Williams (Hendon), who tied for second place



The Open Four Ball Tournament at Bramshot

A. D. Locke (+2), who partnered E. B. Lovelock (6), to return a score of 142, fifth highest score. Here he is with Miss Molly Gourlay and Taffy, her Corgi

A. G. Harrison (+2), who, with J. W. P. Rawling (7), returned the second highest score, 138, which included a 66. The record of the course is 67

The St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Gold Cup at Sandwich

Andrew McNair (Wentworth) won the Cup with the excellent aggregate of 153, five points ahead of L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle). Here he is with Francis Ricardo (Addington), who took 176

T. F. Blackwell (Royal St. George's) is with G. H. Micklem (Royal St. George's), who had fifth best score of 162. Next day he won the Prince of Wales's Cup at Deal with 75 + 75 = 150

W. J. B. Girardet (Sunningdale) is with Capt. N. R. Reeves (Rye), who took 165. The course was difficult owing to a strong north-east wind and, using the farthest back-teeing grounds, even longer than in the Open or Amateur Championship

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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester and Cobham) and Miss B. Jackson (Chislehurst) (standing) reached the fourth round before losing; so did Miss Pam Brown (Troon), on shooting-stick, with her partner, Nan Baird. Sitting in front are Miss N. Ohlsson (Royal Jersey) and Miss E. Coats (North Berwick), who were beaten by the Brown-Baird pair in the third round

Miss M. M. Robertson (Gullane) and Miss Helen Nimmo (Falkirk) reached the fifth round (beaten then by the runners-up). In the second round they played and defeated by 6 and 5 Mrs. Wylie and Mrs. Craddock (Ranfurly Castle)

Mrs. W. T. Mackay and Miss M. Reid were a Turnberry pair who reached the fourth round, to lose 6 and 5 to Miss Walker and Miss MacGlashan

Miss M. W. Robertson-Durham and Mrs. Rutherford (Gullane) were another last-sixteen couple, losing 3 and 2 to Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Jones

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry *(Continued from page 317)*

explanation of why the side lost by 4 and 2 was that Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Betty Henderson are respectively sound and promising golfers. Does not the latter hold both West of Scotland and Ayrshire titles, the last gained by beating Mrs. Holm herself in the final? Anyway, Mrs. Ballantine's side was never down, except when Mrs. Holm put her iron dead for a birdie 3 at the second, and thoroughly dominated the proceedings.

Another reigning champion, the Scottish one this time, very nearly went out in the match following, for Miss Anderson and Mrs. Ramsey, labouring under a weight of nine strokes and a 4 against them at the first hole, were down more often than they were up to Miss Carswell and Mrs. Zuill, whom they only beat 3 and 1.

OUT went Miss Nan Baird—who might conceivably be Scottish Champion for the second time before these words are in print—and Miss Pamela Brown, to that pair of real all-rounders, Mrs. Cleland and Miss Macfarlane. Nobody plays hockey for Scotland, and tennis in the best circles, without acquiring a grand will to win, and these two, with eight strokes to help them, got home on the last green, where Miss Baird's very fine second was cruelly treated in running over after nearly hitting the pin.

And behind them yet another ex-champion was giving eleven shots and receiving some hard treatment. Admit that Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Bridget Jackson did not get off the mark as well as they had been doing, still every possible credit must be given to Mrs. MacFadjean and her young partner, Miss Macdonald, who filled a vacancy at the eleventh and a half hour, Mrs. MacFadjean having drawn a bye and been given a walk over before she was finally fixed up. However, once started, the side made up for lost time, a 4 at the first hole and out in 44, meaning that Miss Morgan's side must have gone out in three under par to have given the strokes and turned square. As it was, they turned 4 down, and even a brave rally did not shake Mrs. MacFadjean and Miss Macdonald from the paths of steady virtue and two putts, so that they won by 5 and 4.

THURSDAY afternoon is always dour fighting, with the prize and sweep list dangling so near and yet so far. Nobody had a grimmer time than the holders and eventual winners, who had four strokes to give to Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Jones, were three down at the seventh, square at the fifteenth, and only won with a superb 3 at the eighteenth, 1 up.

There, too, finished Miss Anderson and Mrs. Ramsey's win, 1 up on level terms, from Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham, also Mrs. MacFadjean and Miss Macdonald from Mrs. Cleland and Miss Macfarlane, and even eighteen holes were insufficient for Miss Susan Walker and Miss MacGlashan, who played nineteen before winning by Mrs. Ballantine and Miss Henderson laying themselves a stymie.

JUST the same desperately close in-fighting went on next day. Miss Montgomery's side, giving 4 strokes to her one-time partner (she and Miss Walker won these foursomes at Gullane in 1931) and Miss MacGlashan, only won 1 up, though they took the first six holes after the turn in two under fours, the younger pair twice dragging back the match to square after being two down. Miss Anderson and Mrs. Ramsey, giving four to Mrs. MacFadjean and Miss Macdonald were twice three down, and two down with five to play, before winning at the eighteenth, where at very long last Miss Macdonald did play a shot befitting her handicap and her inexperience, both of which had been entirely belied by her play up till that moment.

THEN the final. Not very much in it, but the holders, receiving a stroke at the ninth, turned 1 up, and after halving the next half dozen holes in one under fours, added another to their lead at the sixteenth with a very finely played 4. Miss Anderson's side retaliated with 4's at seventeenth and eighteenth, but at the nineteenth Mrs. Wallace put her second three yards from the pin, Mrs. Ramsey found a bunker, whence Miss Anderson plumbed the depths of another, and there was nothing left but to shake hands, and troop back again to the clubhouse to receive cups and prizes, with a most charming little speech from Mrs. Kinloch, lady captain of the Club.

Next morning, a light grey mist hung in still air over the sea and course, when Miss Nan Baird proceeded to win the Baby Quaich with 80, Gullane No. 1 the Eglinton Quaich, and St. Rule, the Grainger Cup. But I was speeding away through the hills of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, wishing I could stay and see the Scottish Championship. Not but what Parliamentary at Pulborough has attractions all its own, to be recounted next week.

Owing to a clerical slip, Mrs. Blyth, of Barrackpore, was credited last week with having returned 89—15—72, one below scratch score, for a May BYSTANDER spoon. Which, as our old friend Euclid says, is absurd. Eighty-nine should have read 87, which the figures duly totalled.

–and soda by Schweppes of course
SCHWEPPES
SEE ALSO THAT
SCHWEPPES
TRADE MARK
SODA WATER

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Killing by Kindness

By V. S. Pritchett

DURING the war, Captain Hofmiller, a striking young officer in the Austrian Army, was one of the very few to be awarded the Order of Merit. As an aviator and infantry man he had behaved with incredible courage. What is courage? What are its antecedents in a man's life? What is the "low-down"? That is a Somerset Maugham question, and Mr. Stefan Zweig's first novel *Beware of Pity* (Cassell; 8*s.* 6*d.*), which tells the inside story of Captain Hofmiller, is a German adaptation of the Maugham convention of turning people inside-out. As grey, as cold, as brilliantly inventive and as readable as Maugham, Herr Zweig, is nothing like as concise. Moreover, the translation flops frequently into distressing clichés. Black eyes "laugh," people "steel" their hands lest they "crush" warm, soft bodies and "cover" them with kisses.

Hofmiller, one is not surprised to hear, was a hero out of cowardice and guilt. He ran away to war because he regarded himself as morally responsible for a woman's death.

His disaster began with a gaffe. At a party given by a harassed and cringing old plutocrat in the town where he was stationed, he asked the daughter of the house to dance with him, without realising she was a cripple. There was an appalling scene. Hofmiller bolted. The next day, when he had calmed down, he gravely sent her a bouquet of roses by way of atonement. From this started a friendship with the cripple and her family, a friendship rooted in the generous pity of youth. But the sick are parasitic and imperious: they arouse pity, but resent it; perhaps they know it is murderous. The girl already dominates her father and her cousin by her nerve-storms and her affecting repentances. She practises a moral blackmail. She insists they maintain the illusion that her cure is imminent, and watches them fanatically for proofs of their disloyalty. Hofmiller in time becomes enslaved like the family. And on him she fastens an additional chain; she falls in love with him. Her illness has reached a crisis, and his dilemma is that he must conceal his repugnance and maintain the illusion. Pity undermines him when instinct rebels against the situation. At last he can stand it no longer. He bolts again, and she commits the expected suicide.

Psychological theories are simplifications and the psychological novel of this kind is a game of doubling and redoubling. There is always one more hidden motive. A good moment, which is not made enough of, occurs when Hofmiller admits that he, too, must be a cripple of sorts. But one tires of the inevitable ace up Herr Zweig's sleeve, the insistence on the sinister habits of pity is monotonous—too many of the subsidiary characters are similarly affected—and becomes suspect. Was not Hofmiller's vanity or his slavery to convention the real evil?

"EARLY STAGES" (Macmillan; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is the autobiography of Mr. John Gielgud. The most nervy and self-conscious of our actors, he has written a self-centred book, entirely given to his development on the stage. He disposes of his family fairly quickly—the name, it turns out, is Polish, not Scotch—and after that, a few stories apart, the book is a chronicle of his career. The redeeming, indeed, the engrossing thing about his writing is his honesty. Vanity is the right of actors, but few like to admit its wounds. Mr. Gielgud does not hide them. If Miss Baylis made a dig about youth not being eternal, he puts it down. There is a complete lack of conceit in his picture, and the other side of his primness and fussiness is integrity. Mr. Gielgud had the advantage of the Terry tradition and influence in his family; he is the example of privilege stepping over the head of the disappointments (and wasted time) of unaided apprenticeship; but he had, and still has, one gathers, to pay the price. The privileged, when they turn to the arts, are apt to alternate between an over-confidence which lets them down, and a complete lack of self-confidence altogether. Mr. Gielgud has, for example, bad moments about his walk. It is pleasing to think of him beginning in *Charley's Aunt*; and it explains a lot about that embarrassing first act of Capek's *Insect Play* to be told that it is wittily improper in the original Czech, and has been specially Barrie-ated for English audiences.

MR. HERBERT HODGE, the literary taxi-driver, has done another of his shrewd, dour, tolerant, and observant documentaries. *Cab, Sir?* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the cab's-eye point of view. On the face of it, the taxi-driver has the ideal position for studying individual human nature, but, in fact, the opportunities are limited. He picks you up, you sit out of his sight, he sets you down, and unless you are drunk, quarrelsome, mean or affectionate, he can do little more than speculate. He can classify you. Are you the man in a hurry? Are you rude on class or constitutional grounds? Are you mean enough to pick up the marked sixpence one taxi-driver puts on the floor of his cab to see if the passenger will tip him with it? Mr. Hodge has his label ready. But he sees one in the suspended animation of mere transit. What he does get is a general insight into London habits. London is a warren where different kinds of rabbits come out in tribes at different hours, and Mr. Hodge knows them all.

I DETEST most "light" travel books, and I cannot stand their chatterbox style. *Eastern Visas* (Collins; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is an exception. Moscow, Korea, Japan, China, Burma, the fringe of Tibet, India, Afghanistan was Miss Audrey Harris's route, and her account of it all is individual, unpretentious and continually entertaining. A good many of her journeys were rough—very rough in Korea—and when almost overcome by smells, she says, she set about interesting herself in the smell view of the world. That is the spirit. Good travelling is a continuous yielding to peoples, countries, and adventures; the bad travellers don't yield. I liked the polite Japanese ship's engineer who, mustering all his English, sent her a message solemnly complimenting her on being "a very suitable woman."

"The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and their Children Riding at Drumlanig"

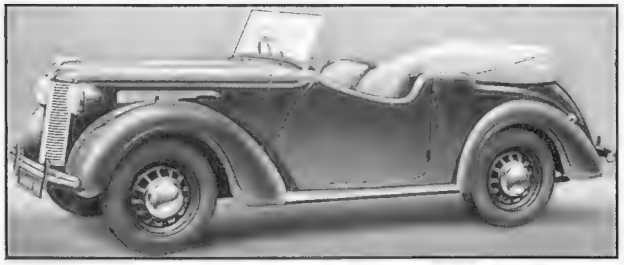
This picture by Edward Seago is now in his exhibition of paintings at the Medici Society Gallery, Grafton Street, which the Earl of Derby opened on Monday. Seago is well known for his paintings of circus life, and the English countryside. Many of these are shown, as well as portraits, portraits of horses, and several of his studies of ballet

The new sensational

AUSTIN '10'

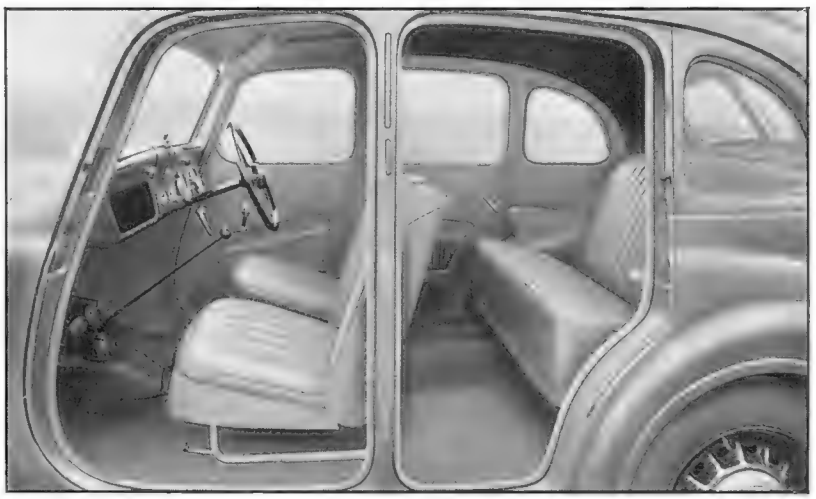
MODERN ELEGANCE—EXCITING PERFORMANCE—GENEROUS ROOM
IMPROVED ROAD COMFORT AND SAFETY—SPEED—ECONOMY

Enter the second motoring thrill of 1939—the new Austin '10'. First came the Austin '8'—and what a reception! Now the '10' carrying on the good work of giving you more for your money. Brilliant, modern styling. Luxurious comfort and gala performance—brisk, lively, full of "go". At your nearest Austin Dealer's—where the crowd is.



THE OPEN FOUR-SEATER. The clean-cut lines of this model make an instant appeal to all who like an open car. The special construction of body and chassis—a feature of all the new 'Ten' models—saves weight and so adds to the lively performance.

LARGE LUGGAGE LOCKER. There are 7 cubic feet of luggage space in the boot and the rear panel forms a platform for 1 cwt. of additional luggage. The spare wheel is partitioned off, out of the way of mud and dust.



PRICES
(at works)

Open Four-seater	£175
Fixed-Head Saloon	£175
Sliding-Head Saloon	£185

SPACIOUS INTERIOR. Look at the wide doors which make for easy entrance, and the big sit-back-and-enjoy-yourself seats. The back seat is particularly wide and comfortable and there is ample head-room and leg-room even with the front seats well back. The shoulder-high backs of the front seats are hinged to tilt forward and are on runners for instant adjustment. The screen, side and rear windows are all of toughened safety glass.

For fuller particulars see the "Autocar", May 19, "Motor", May 23 and the "Austin Magazine", June 1

See these models at Austins London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1

INVEST IN AN AUSTIN – THE CAREFREE CAR

3.G.80

Gardener's Chronicle

Mid-May Notes

By R. C. Jenkinson

Lilacs

THE outstanding of May, this year, are azaleas and lilac. While the former, in their various forms, evergreen and deciduous, dwarf and tall, cover about 3½ months of the year, the latter is a plant of this month; and never, I think, have I seen bushes of it more heavily laden. There are a few Chinese species, large graceful shrubs, with scented pale pink, that flower in June. But to most of us "lilacs" mean the large-trussed hybrids of the common Syringa vulgaris, for the majority of which we are grateful to M. Lemoine, of Nancy.

To get the best blooms, the flower-heads should be removed as soon as the flowers go brown, so that seed cannot set and all the strength of the plants go to formation of buds for next year's display. At the same time it is as well to rub out any weak, in-growing shoots: these will not anyhow flower, and only prevent sunlight from helping to ripen up the new wood.

Mixed Bedding

I AM glad to see mixed spring bedding coming back into fashion. As I write, I look upon an Italian parterre garden of stone-edged beds. The groundwork is of forget-me-not, yellow alyssum and wallflowers, in various shades of yellow, orange, red and purple, with Darwin and Cottage tulips in every available shade coming through in small clumps, all carefully arranged to give various colour-combinations.

The variations are infinite, and the best way to get what you want is to play about with a palette and child's paint-box, and to visit the tulip displays, either a Chelsea Flower Show, or in one of the London parks. This mixed arrangement I find so much more attractive than the solid blocks of colour given by serried ranks of one variety.

Another lovely way to grow these Mayflowering tulips is to dot them in any patches of unmown grass. Mixtures of bulbs can be bought so cheaply nowadays that each autumn a few more can be added to take the place of any that die. An orchard is as good a place as any for this sort of gardening, for the bulbs complete the picture begun by apple-blossom.

Here, too, one should grow the sweetly-scented double white narcissus, called Poeticus plenus. It enjoys the half shade afforded by the apple trees, and likes to be left undisturbed to make ever-widening clumps.

Another bulbous plant for the same sort of place is Camassia: it grows about 18 inches tall, and has loosely-arranged spikes of lovely starry lavender-blue flowers—also valuable for cutting.

Herbaceous Borders

SOME of the earlier flowering are showing bud, or even flowering: Doronicum, with yellow flowers like ox-eye daisies, Pyrethrum, crimson and pink, single and double, and lupins and Eremurus, whose tall stems, from 5 to 9 ft. high, have their upper third closely set with starry white, pink or yellow flowers. The earlier species, such as the white Himalaicus and Elwesianus, are liable to damage from late frost and wind, and therefore should be planted amongst shrubs or else surrounded by wattle hurdles or hessian matting, and must be staked.

But the later, June flowering hybrids from the yellow E. Bungei will escape frost—unless we get one in Derby week!—and are one of the most valuable additions to the list of first-class herbaceous plants. More vigorous than their yellow parent, they grow from 5 to 8 ft. tall, their spines rising from grassy rosettes of long glaucous leaves. White, cream, pale pink, apricot to deep orange, they are known as the Highdown hybrids, after the garden in which they were raised. They are equally happy in limy or sandy-peat soils, asking only for good drainage and sun.

Planting is best done in early autumn, and remember that the roots of these plants are like star-fish, with brittle fleshy thongs radiating from a central growing-bud, and must be carefully handled and set about 2 in. deep. They can be propagated by lifting clumps and gently prizing the various starfish apart, or from seed. The young plants flower in four or five years, but as seedlings push earlier than mature plants, they should be sown in an open frame, so that a light can be put over them to guard against spring frosts. Such easy and beautiful plants as these deserve a little care in choosing a suitable site and proper planting. Apart from their beauty in the garden, they look wonderful if cut and arranged in a tall vase with some foliage to hide the lower part of the stems.

Support

"SUPPORTING" is always a controversial matter. Herbaceous plants should look as natural and graceful as possible; tying-in the plants to stiff stakes is never satisfactory, and it is better to use twiggy brushwood, placed in the ground when the plants are 12 or 18 in. high, allowing the lengthening growths to come up through and hide their supports. I have, however, found sheep-netting an admirable support. I use coarse-mesh wire; it is fixed on short stakes, about 2 ft. from ground level. Then, as the plants grow through it, a second layer of wire is placed for the taller growing plants at whatever height they require it. This arrangement allows a more natural, spreading development. Thus, only very tall plants and stiff things like delphiniums and Bocconia, at the back of the border, need stakes.

Irises

IRISES are beginning to show their buds. They should, on non-limy soils, have received their annual dressing of bone-meal or superphosphates of lime, and have had all dead leaves pulled away. Staking is rather difficult, but for any that need it stiff green wire adjustable supports, with a ring at the top, are the best. They should be inserted when the buds are fully developed, just before the flowers start to open.

Hortiphot

***Tulips and rhododendrons** in Kew Gardens—the ranks of the "White Hawk" tulips backed by pink "Isabella Mangles" just coming into full flower*

A constant factor in a changing world

KIA-ORA

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

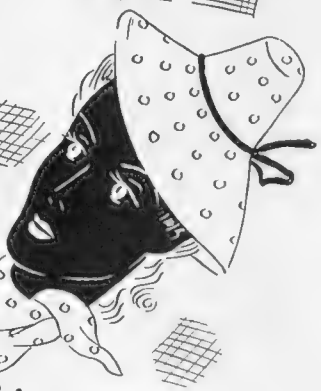
THE days when anyone under five-foot-three was sadly directed to the "Misses" Department are now, mercifully, over. To-day the Pocket Venus makes straight for her own department, where she can rely on getting sophisticated frocks made in sizes suitable to her proportions. No one understands her taste better than the people at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus. Their Small Size department is run by someone who appreciates the problems of a "pocket edition." Here is a coat from this department exquisitely tailored in slick silver-grey flannel, which will give any "little lady" a new idea of herself. Flannel is so often used informally that one is in danger of forgetting that—when required—it can look as formal as face-cloth. Notice the crisp hang of this skirt and the skilfully padded shoulders. Those vertical lines made by stitching the pleats emphasise height, and the slightly "swing" skirt interprets the current fashion in a way that is essentially becoming to the small figure. A white piqué piping outlines cuffs and neckline and each "button" is a cluster of white daisies with black centres. The proportions will immediately be appreciated by anyone who has sighed to be stock size. The hat, a coachman shape, in white fancy straw, is trimmed with navy petersham and veiling, and costs 52/6

Scott Bushe

Thanks for the Memory—of sparkling fountains in the Luxembourg Gardens and the laughter of the children on roller-skates; the Tuileries flower-beds and the book-vendors along the Left Bank; the cool greenness of the Bois; and "Paris" is the perfume to call to mind these, and your other favourite reminiscences. There's a lightness and a sparkle about "Paris"; it's youthful but not ingenuous, subtle but not too exotic, elusive but lasting. To appreciate the full charm of so delicately-balanced a fragrance one should, of course, use the "Paris" preparations throughout the toilet. Coty have planned them all for you, and packed them in delightful blue boxes bearing a fresco of famous Paris landmarks. There are feathery bath salts—highly concentrated because a great proportion of the water has been removed—and therefore most economical in use, or tablets for travelling; after the bath, a body friction to close the pores, using the Toilet Water, and then the talcum or dusting powder. (Dusting powder, at 5/-, also makes a handsome present, for it has a most expensive appearance and a large velvety puff inside.) On your dressing-table Foundation Cream, in its squat but beautifully-shaped white pot with a blue lid, and Coty "Paris" powder, which is "air-spun" and available in nine shades. This special process reduces the powder to an exceptional fineness while retaining the full value of all the ingredients used. Also shown in the picture is the hand lotion, a non-greasy one which can be used during the day, and the brilliantine, which is a specially fine liquid that cannot clog the hair or make it look sticky. Your usual perfumer will have the Paris series, or you can obtain them from the Coty salon, 2, New Bond Street

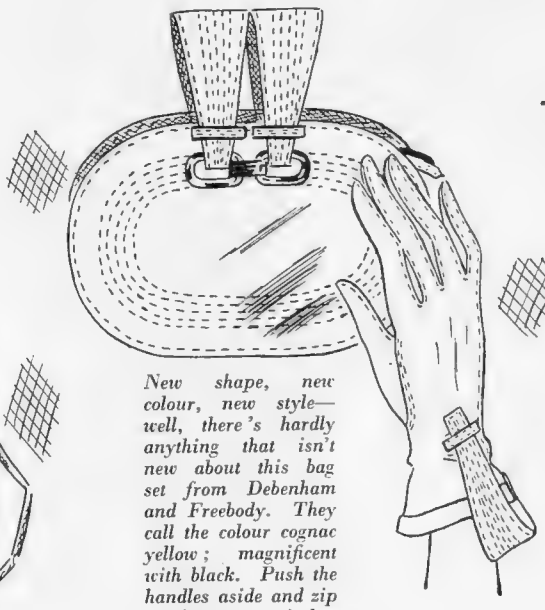
the bystander tune in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta



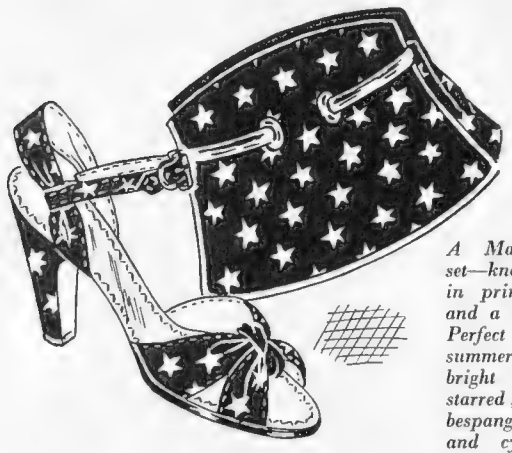
pictured by pam

For the woman whose tastes are undeniably feminine—a boudoir lamp with shade of baby lace on pink silk, £4 4s. The biscuit tin, covered to match and decorated with hand-painted felt flowers, costs 18s. 9d. The table-centre lamp is a white pot of glass anemones, and the light shines through the purply flowers. (Dickins and Jones, Regent Street)



New shape, new colour, new style—well, there's hardly anything that isn't new about this bag set from Debenham and Freebody. They call the colour cognac yellow; magnificent with black. Push the handles aside and zip the bag open; it has a luscious yellow satin lining. Suede, 79s. 6d., and gloves to match for 18s. 9d. In black, too, if you like

Good guinea-worths are these bags from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street. Left, black calf and white patent pochette, very smooth and elegant, and right, a lambskin shape with ruched front. In half a dozen perfectly delightful pastels—you'll probably want half a dozen of them, anyway



A Marjorie Castle set—knotted sandals in printed tie silk, and a bag to match. Perfect colours for summer frocks—bright blue, white-starred; chartreuse bespangled with pink, and cyclamen with white. Versatile, for they can be worn with numberless colours

Pleasant foot-notes from Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor Street. Navy lace mesh with fiesta—a new season's colour—calf. So cool and light you'll have to look to make sure they're on; and an original evening shoe held on by gold and silver stretchable bands. You'll love the firm cling of these straps

PAQUIN

39 DOVER STREET
LONDON

PARIS
3 RUE DE LA PAIX

BUENOS AYRES
1924 AVENIDA ALVEAR

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Hillman "Fourteen" is essentially a worker. Its four-cylinder side-valve engine is taxed at only £17 10s. per annum (even if Sir John Simon's imposition becomes Law!), and yet it delivers all the punch and ungrudging hard work of much bigger multiple-cylinder units.

The driving feature of this car which particularly impressed me was its quite extraordinary steering lock which, coupled with the wonderful road-holding afforded by the "Evenkeel" Independent Front Wheel Suspension, makes it an eminently suitable car alike for fast touring and for Town work. The new all-silent four-speed synchro-mesh gear-box is the sort of gear shift which the merest tyro would find sympathetic, while I found the Hillman by far the most economical "Fourteen" of such comfort and performance that I have ever driven.

I did not care much for the position of the hand-brake. Personally, I have a bee in my bonnet about hand-brakes which cannot be reached—except with a contortional effort—for re-starts on steep hills. But as this is positively the only feature of this car which displeased me, I really feel it is almost churlish to mention it. And probably *had* the hand-brake been placed more conveniently for me, I should then have grumbled about difficulty of getting in and out of the driving-seat—a criticism which certainly does not arise as things are.

Another particularly useful feature of this car is the very adequate luggage-room provided in the rear locker. Suit-cases, hat-boxes, golf clubs, and so on, fit inside snugly and are carried without risk of chafing. When extra trunks are needed, the lid of the locker lets down to form a rigid platform. There are no side "arms" to restrict the size of the trunks. This is typical of the many practical features which have made the Hillman "Fourteen" absolutely outstanding in its class.

Two models are available on the 14-h.p. chassis—the Safety Saloon at £239 (sunshine roof, £7 10s. extra) and the Saloon de Luxe at £255.

A Hillman "14" in the "Corridor"

This Hillman was on its way to Königsberg, East Prussia, through the Polish Corridor. The letter "T" on the signpost denotes the official route, from which traffic passing through is forbidden to deviate. (Mr. Hess describes the model this week)

MENTION of Hillman reminds me, by the way, that the Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot concerns have recently instituted a Spare Parts scheme which should prove of tremendous value to motorists taking cars of any of these makes abroad for a holiday tour. It is announced that the Distributor and Dealer Organisation of these Companies will be pleased to supply to such owners a suitable kit of spare parts, based on experience, containing those items which are most likely to be required, except, of course, in the unlikely event of a *major* breakdown. These kits contain spares to the value of approximately £5 and are suitably boxed for easy stowing with the remainder of the luggage, and each

(*Concluded on page* iv)

MORRIS

THE CAR WITH THE LOWEST UPKEEP COSTS

MODELS AND PRICES

EIGHT	*from* £128
TEN-FOUR	*from* £175
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The Morris Twelve-four

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"The influence of Ethyl has assisted towards improving the breed of British Small Cars."

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

"And Sir Malcolm Campbell is right"

said the Designing-Engineer

Those small cars shown leaving the factory for their first journey in life might have had engines of twice the weight or half the horse-power, but for the high-compression petrols in the development of which the proprietors of Esso Ethyl have played such an important part. Modern small cars owe much of their brilliant performance to Esso Ethyl which, by stopping pinking, both audible and *muffled*, makes them livelier, faster and better hill-climbers.

ESSO ETHYL — THE PETROL THAT STOPS MUFFLED PINKING

ESSO ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE NEW OVAL GLOBE YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

part is individually wrapped and labelled for quick identification and handling. The kit is supplied complete with an invoice in triplicate so that Customs requirements when leaving Great Britain and crossing foreign frontiers are facilitated. The kits are supplied against invoice price, and on return the cost of all parts not used is refunded to the owner.

This very enterprising scheme will, I feel sure, be greatly appreciated by Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot owners, and I congratulate the companies concerned on its introduction.

NOT long ago I received from America a copy of the latest official bulletin issued by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, giving instructions to Midget Car Racers for the 1939 season. I was particularly struck by the following :—

> It is also essential that you dress yourself in neat-appearing uniforms or other suitable clothing. The public is entitled to see cleanly-dressed performers. Let 's dress up the show and be surprised as to just how much it helps to bring people in. We received numerous complaints from racing fans last year regarding the dirty clothing of pit-crews and the dilapidated appearance of some of the racing cars. A nice coat of paint will make a car look like a " million " to the fellow in the grandstand and, after all, that is the man we are trying to satisfy.

There is, I think, a lesson in this for English motor-race promoters and drivers—particularly in the final sentence !

ADVANCE entries for the " Morris Owner " Rally, to date, far exceed those of past years, and those who wish to compete either in the Concours d'Élégance or the Gymkhana should send in their forms as soon as possible, as it may be necessary to close the lists before the actual day of the Rally, which is Sunday, June 4th, at Donington Race Track.

Valuable trophies and prizes are given to all winners, and Morris owners are reminded that their chances of winning are as good as the next man's, as trade entries are strictly barred.

The events in the Motoring Gymkhana include speed-judging and reversing tests, both of which will be held on the track. Captain G. E. T. Eyston, holder of the World's Land Speed Record, has promised to distribute the prizes.

IT is known that excessive speed for the ordinary motorist is not looked upon with favour by Herr Hitler, and a new speed limit for " built-up areas " has just been introduced in Germany. For private cars this is 37½ m.p.h., and for commercial vehicles 21⅜ m.p.h. On all other roads, including the system of autobahnen, the limits are 62 m.p.h. for private cars and 43½ m.p.h. for commercial vehicles. It will be noted, however, that the private car limit for " built-up areas " is over 7 miles per hour higher than our own, which constitutes yet another example of their progressive outlook on motoring — a purview sadly lacking in our own bureaucracy.

Largest Yacht of the Year—the 457-ton " Wilna "

The Dining-room of the " Wilna "

The " Wilna " has been designed by Mr. Charles Nicholson for Mr. W. H. Collins. All interior fittings in this magnificent yacht are by Fortnum and Mason, Ltd. The dining-room has vellum walls, the carpet and upholstery are in a bronze shade, and the sideboard is of walnut

HIGH PERFORMANCE WITH LOW RUNNING COSTS

THAT IS THE QUESTION

—and to the motorist seeking a replacement for a high-powered car this Renault 12 h.p. 2/3 seater Convertible Coupe supplies the perfect answer. In performance it easily outstrips its rivals of equal rating, in running cost it keeps well within the limits imposed by a moderate income. Its 'convertible' coachwork, so ideally suited to the English climate, is built by craftsmen who have long specialised in this type of work.

- *Transverse rear springing*
- *Flat folding windscreen*
- *Wide choice of colours*
- *Hood flush when lowered*
- *Synchro gear change*
- *Easily seats five passengers*

AND HERE IS THE ANSWER

SERVICE : One of the most interesting departments at our Acton Works is that responsible for SPARE PARTS. Here a comprehensive stock is carried covering models of at least 10 years past. We are at all times glad to show interested customers the organisation of this important section

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Flying News of the Day

By Charles Ward

FOURTEEN Air Cadets qualified for their amateur gliding certificates during the first summer camp, held at Dunstable. Bad weather was responsible for some delay in training, but youngsters from fifteen to eighteen put up with far more disappointment than their elders, without losing their keenness. Altogether, nearly 1000 boys will receive training this year at eight different gliding camps. Special buildings have been put up by the London Gliding Club to accommodate the boys, and other clubs are following suit. There are nearly 500 members at Dunstable, of whom 20 are owner-pilots.

The summer schedule by Scottish Airways, connecting Inverness, Wick and the Orkneys with the rest of Scotland, England, and the Continent, came into force last week. It is possible to fly from Kirkwall to such cities as Vienna, Berlin or Copenhagen in a day. Of the two concerns that formed Scottish Airways, Highland Airways was the pioneer of air transport in Scotland. In 1934 it was granted the first contract for carrying H.M. mails by air, and Scottish Airways continue to carry the mails between Inverness, Wick and Orkney. Northern and Scottish Airways, the other partner in the merger, had the distinction of being the first company operating an air ambulance service in Great Britain. Like many inspired ventures, it was born of necessity on the one hand and efficiency on the other. Mr. George Nicholson concluded arrangements with the Argyll and Inverness County Councils, in 1935 and 1936 respectively, to stand-by for air ambulance work in conjunction with the Highland Medical Service under the auspices of the Health Department for Scotland, and this service is still carried on.

On air routes where there are alternatives by land and sea, heavy baggage presents no problems. To the Channel Islands, for instance, holders of rail and air tickets from the United Kingdom can send their cabin trunks in advance by surface transport on very moderate terms. It is estimated that 10,000 visitors will fly to Guernsey this year. In any event, the fares should make the services popular: 59s. 6d. is the cost of a "holiday" ticket from Southampton and 90s. from London.

The flying event of the week-end is the Manx air meeting, inaugurated four years ago as a "June Effort" to advance the holiday season. The race from London takes place on Saturday, starting at Hatfield, with a turning-point at Blackpool. A sea patrol will be maintained over the 63 miles of open water from the English coast to Douglas. Handicapping is in the hands of Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth as usual, and the organisation of all events has been undertaken by Captain Rex Stocken. Mr. W. Cunningham, J.P., chief marshal, has the distinction of being the only owner-pilot in the Isle of Man. The judge will be assisted by an old hand in air racing—none other than C. Howard-Pixton, who won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain in 1914. He flew a Sopwith seaplane to victory at Monaco, at a speed of 86 miles an hour!

Miss Mona Friedlander, licensed commercial pilot and navigator, has a job at Croydon. She is one of the pilots who fly over London by day and by night, their 'planes acting as targets for anti-aircraft ranging and searchlight practice

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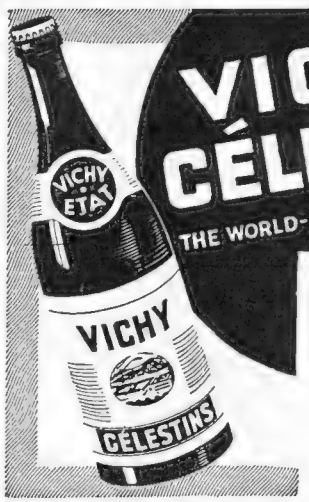

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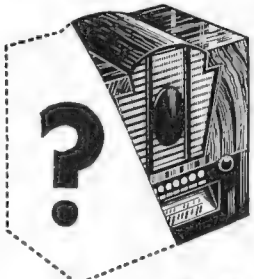

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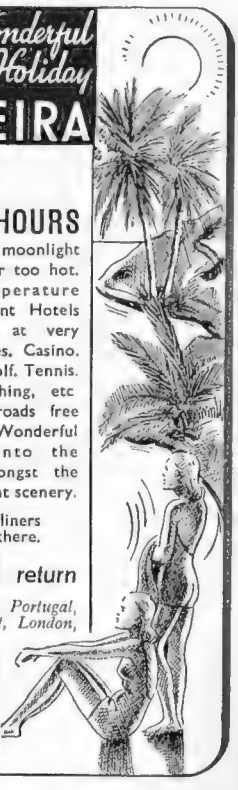

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RENDELLS

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf *(Continued)*

***Stinchcombe Hill Golf Club** celebrated its golden jubilee by instituting a competition for clubs fifty or more years old; the prize, a challenge cup presented by Stinchcombe's captain, Percy Lister. Above are Capt. A. R. Macdonald, W. J. Warn, and Capt. G. L. Stratton, who represented Stinchcombe in the competition and won the cup for their club*

was very likely to win if Roberts broke down. The latter who started nearly last, reached the turn in the afternoon in 35, and then knew the size of the target at which he had to shoot, and was no doubt disappointed that it was not a little larger. It meant that he had to come home in 38 to win, a score which under the circumstances gave little margin for errors. To make matters worse, he got on to a slice from the tees and must have had several uncomfortable moments. However, by good recoveries and courageous play he avoided any major disasters until he was safe, and then allowed himself a very unnecessary six at the seventeenth, which meant that he was not so safe after all. He played the eighteenth hole perfectly and calmly with a controlled tee shot, a cut-up spoon shot, which he played very easily, and the regulation two putts. He played well, and with great courage when things were going badly for him, but I must say I was surprised that someone did not do a better score.

ANDREW MCNAIR, whose friends have been expecting him for some years to win something big, put up a really good performance by winning by the large margin of five strokes the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup, the most important amateur event by medal play. He won in most testing conditions against a field which included nearly all the leading players. With a strong north-east wind blowing he returned cards of 75 and 78, and was the only player to beat eighty morinng and afternoon.

McNair has a most graceful and sound swing and a lovely touch near the hole. The fact that he got down in two shots from the outskirts of the greens on several occasions was largely responsible for his victory. His swing looks as if it would never get out of gear, and it is certainly surprising that it actually does so on, I am sure, very many more occasions than it should.

Crawley who had putted well at Birkdale in the English championship, rather lost his tuuch at both Storrington and Sandwich, and this was responsible to a great extent for his disappointing displays in both these competitions.

THE victory of Fred Robson (Addington) and his partner, R. Burton (Sale), at the beginning of the month in the "True Temper" foursome tournament at Sandwell Park, must be one of the most popular golf victories for many years. They returned two cards of 71 to tie with Henry Cotton (Ashridge) and B. Shepard (Radlett), and R. Cox (Blackpool North Shore) and L. Topping (Bolton), and in the play-off did yet another 71 to win in comfort.

Like nearly all good foursome players Robson gives, much too modestly, all the credit to his partner. In a letter thanking me for a telegram of congratulations he writes: "I must say I had a fine partner who was long, and with me keeping down the fairway we proved to be an ideal pair." This hardly tallies with the account of a reliable witness who wrote in our leading daily newspaper that in the play-off Robson never made a mistake and putted magnificently. Robson cannot fool us like this; we all know that he did much more than keep down the fairway, and also that he putted as everyone likes to see their partner putt in a foursome. Everyone who knows anything about the game of golf, knows full well that one man has never yet won or lost a foursome off his own bat.

If you want a lesson, whether your handicap is plus three or thirty-six, you will not do wrong if you go to Fred Robson, who never advises you to change your whole method of play, but tells you how to get the best results with your own natural style.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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A Hollywood Surprise

(Continued from page 312)

You 'd got to have *some* kind, though God knew that John Edgar wasn't too particular once the girl was the top of her class and on the spot at the right moment. Still, she 'd got to have a kind of draw to her, and Stella hadn't: she was just an icy little eel—a thing you couldn't get hold of—too brittle—too chilly—too slippery! She hadn't, John Edgar comfortably concluded, any guts—that was what was the matter with her! She was nice enough in a way, of course, and pretty enough to take the part on the screen; now she was talking business she 'd brightened up considerably.

After all, it didn't matter: there were good and plenty of the right sort of girls handy. John Edgar didn't blame the poor kid: he even felt a pang of compunction, for perhaps she 'd hoped to please him! Too bad if she felt that way and he hadn't! But the telephone from good old David *was* quite a godsend, whichever way you looked at it! John Edgar gave Stella the switch and listened while she said in rather a flat little voice: "Oh, is that you, David? If you 're there—oh, yes. I forgot! No, it 's quite all right! I 'll ask him. I expect he 's frightfully busy—and perhaps wouldn't mind too much—if I did——"

John Edgar chipped in gallantly. "Well, yes," he admitted, trying not to seem as pleased as he felt at having the girl taken off his hands so neatly. "Of course, if he 's there in his car—but it 's been wonderful meeting you quietly this way! And, Miss de la Ray—I may call you Stella, mayn't I?—the part 's all right, isn't it? She 'll do, won't she, Max?" And Max, who was there to say "Yes" if he saw it *was* "Yes," or "No" if he saw it was "No"—said "Yes" with considerable emphasis, because he knew that the girl could act on the screen a damned sight better than she could act off it!

"There 's something about those cameras" he said to himself, "after all!"

Stella stood in front of the telephone, staring down at it in a queer way, and then she lifted her smouldering, deep, inscrutable eyes to John Edgar's face. They flickered for a moment over his whole body—from his head to his big flat feet in their highly polished pumps. She felt a strange trembling feeling as if something had jarred through every nerve in her body and as if every nerve in her spirit had shared in the shock. Cast-off mistresses, Stella thought, must feel the same numb, paralysed feeling that she felt now—but they at least had *been* cast on—they knew that once at least they had had in them the power to attract. Stella would have died rather than yield to John Edgar, but to feel as if she were already dead—when she hadn't been asked to resist—wasn't that even worse? What would a diamond feel like if a jeweller—a judge of diamonds—took it for glass and threw it into the nearest dustbin? Stella almost stumbled out of the pitilessly light hall, into the friendly darkness of David's car.

David was alone except for the armed detectives in front. Stella flung herself into his startled arms. "David!" she sobbed. "David!" He was horribly concerned.

"What has he done to you?" he demanded, stiff with rage. "Let me get out! Let me once get hold of him!"

"No! Oh, no! It 's not what you think!" Stella gasped. "It 's something quite different, only—worse!"

He gave a half-rueful laugh. "I suppose you mean he 's chucked you for the part," he said. "After all—from his point of view—I don't see what else you expected!"

Stella was silent for so long that David felt sure he was right, but he was surprised at the firmness with which she still clung to him.

"No," she murmured at last, with half a sob and half an attempt at laughter. "It 's funnier than that, David! What he chucked me for *wasn't* the part—I 've got that! It 's just being what I am—what I can't help being! He chucked me because—he just didn't want me!"

David, more puzzled than ever now, switched on the light so that he could see her face.

"How could that brute want a woman in any way that wasn't an insult? If he 's left you alone and you 've got the part, what more do you want?" he asked, almost savagely.

Stella's face was undistorted by her tears; the eyes he looked down into shone with a curious new light—a light he had looked for often before, and never seen. They gazed up at him, fringed by their long natural lashes, as if they wanted him to read what they said, and to make no mistake about it.

"By God!" David muttered. "D'you mean it this time? Do you really mean it, Stella?"

"Switch off that light!" Stella de la Ray said firmly and distinctly. It was as near as she could get to really meaning it.

THE END.

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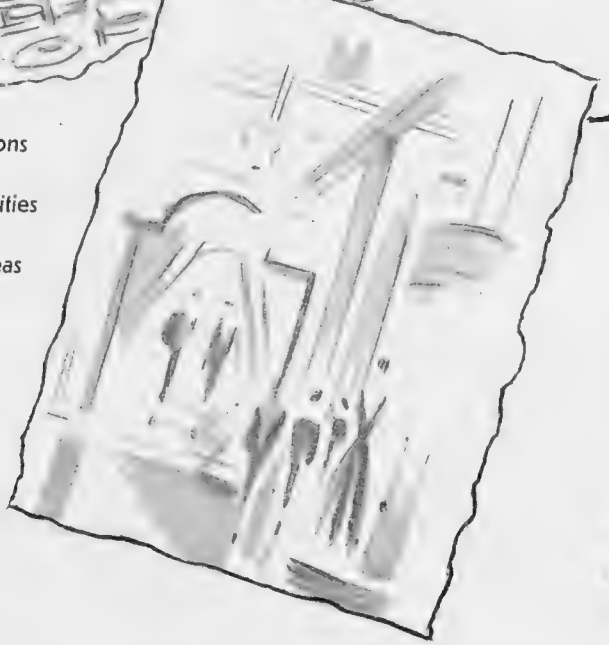

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GOING AWAY

The "Bystander's" May Travel Guide

By Hugh C. Wallace

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

***Madonna di Campiglio** lies in the Brenta group of the Dolomites, a day's walk over the Bocco di Brenta from Molveno, and a fine walking and climbing centre*

The Dolomites

SOME wag has suggested that the Dolomites must be either a newly-discovered disease on its way to becoming popular or an obscure religious sect, like the Dukhobors, for instance. As a matter of fact, they are rocks—weird and wonderful rocks, but just rocks, none the less: rocks more fantastic than any dream of man could ever have conjured up.

Where are they? In North Italy, above the Milan and Venice railway. A line drawn across the map from Innsbruck in the north to Venice in the south will pass right through the centre of this extraordinary bit of country. It is not large—only some 45 square miles in extent—but if it is little it is indeed "little and good," having within its confines at least half a hundred resorts at any one of which a first-class holiday may be enjoyed.

A celebrated literary man would have it that the best way to get to know England was to tour it in a fast post-chaise, accompanied by a pretty woman. Revising Dr. Johnson slightly, the way to become acquainted with the Dolomite region is undoubtedly to traverse it in a motor-car controlled by a trusty chauffeur. Taken as a whole, the roads are exceedingly good, and the S.A.D. Motor Company has a splendidly organised series of services, so that to travel by their cars is at once the best and the most inexpensive way of seeing the Dolomite country.

Brescia, very easily reached from Milan, is a good gateway to the fabled garden of King Laurin, where the roses blossom in stone. Here the train is deserted and the motor-car taken, over the most picturesque autostrada that runs alongside the sparkling blue waters of Lake Garda via Fasano, where the wise traveller will succumb to the temptation to spend a day or two.

THE Dolomite places nearest to England are Molveno and Madonna di Campiglio. These are in the Brenta group, which lies somewhat apart from the main body of mountains.

Molveno, at nearly 3000 feet, is not quite so high as the majority of the resorts, and being protected from every breath of bleak north wind is a most admirable spot to visit early in the season. Always a dream of peaceful beauty, it is then at its very best. With its mountainsides ablaze with flowers, it is almost too good to be true. So rich is Molveno in flowers that it has been thought worth while to issue a booklet telling of the 1200 varieties to be found on the slopes around the village.

In the Dolomite country most of the lakes are quite tiny—some of them disappear altogether in the summer—so Molveno is well off in having a sheet of water over two miles in length, where, as a change from walking, visitors may boat and fish and bathe to their heart's content, the bathing being made not only possible but also very enjoyable at practically all seasons by the warm springs that arise somewhere in the middle of the lake.

WHILST the more conventional way of reaching Madonna di Campiglio (5095 ft.) from Molveno is by motor, quite a number of the young and the sturdy proceed by foot over the Bocco di Brenta, which involves a whole day's enjoyable tramping.

To tell the simple truth concerning Madonna di Campiglio is to lay one's self open to the charge of gross exaggeration. Here are 200 miles of walks, so marked that it is difficult even for the man lost in contemplation of the mountains to miss his way. Here are glorious woods and charming lakelets, and here, too, is golf for the man who, even in such surroundings, cannot do without his game.

AT the quaint old town of Bolzano, christened by Mr. Freestone "the oven of Tirol," begins that triumph of engineering, the great Dolomite Road. Before setting

(*Continued on page* D)

***Bolzano** lies in an open valley of vineyards at the western end of the great Dolomite road to Cortina*

MOTORING in the DOLOMITES

is sheer, undiluted joy. Ask any of your friends who have been there — they will tell you that this fantastic rock-garden is criss-crossed by

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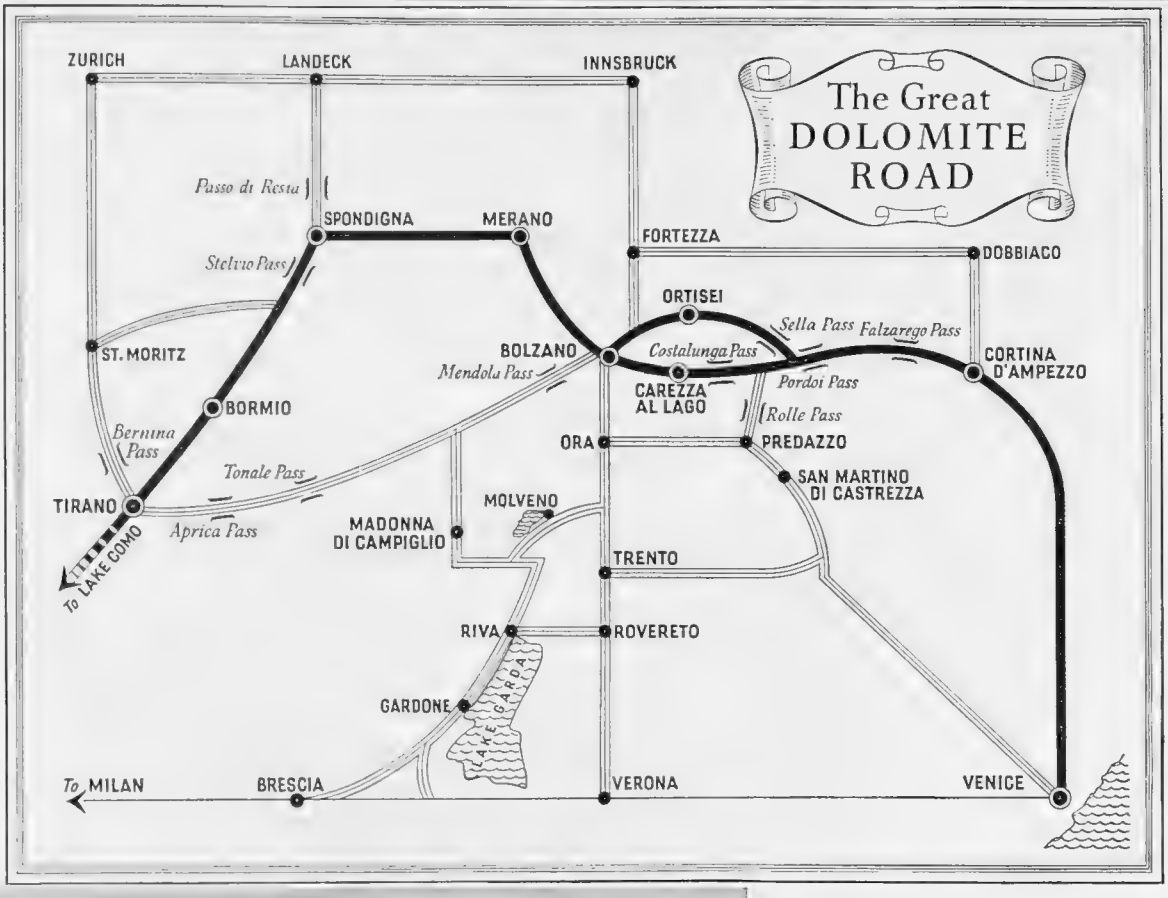

Suggested itinerary:

Calais - Zürich - Tirano - Stelvio - Merano - Bolzano - Cortina - Venice - Milan - Rhône Valley - Calais

(approximately 1800 miles)

Full particulars of hotel and petrol coupons, special tourist rate of exchange, etc., obtainable from the A.A., R.A.C., Italian Royal Automobile Club, 77 Regent Street, London, W.1; or from the **Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), 38 Piccadilly, London, W.1.**

San Martino di Castrozza, off the Dolomite road, is the centre for the Pala group, topped by the Cima della Pala, the Dolomites Matterhorn

The Vajolet Group with its "overwhelming towers" is one of the glories of the district round Canazei, another superb centre for climbing and walking

The Dolomites

(Continued from page B)

out to travel its 70 miles to Cortina, it is worth while, even if it is rather warm, giving a day to Bolzano, or, rather, to its environs, for it has twenty mediæval castles within walking distance. Bolzano is set in the midst of vineyards, where the first thing that arrests the visitor's gaze is always the funny little mirrors fixed to the vines to frighten away the birds. The thought of the peaches and figs and melons displayed for sale in the market makes the mouth water.

Above Bolzano, on the Renon, are some earth pyramids, curious freaks that are fit company for the bizarre Dolomites.

ALMOST at its beginning the great Dolomite Road passes through the Val d'Ega, whose porphyry walls rise to a great height, and there is just room in this ravine rent in the mountains for the road and the stream.

The first stopping-place of note is Carezza (5500 ft.), with its nearby lake which is but a tarn among the woods in whose green water the mountains are reflected. It is a marvellous place, with the beautiful and imposing Catinaccio range on one side and the austere and rugged Latemar on the other. For one glorious month in the weary year what more could one want?

SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA (4738 ft.) is off the Dolomite Road, but it should be visited if only to cross the Rolle Pass and to make the acquaintance at close quarters of the Cima della Pala, the most symmetrical of all these giants, and known as the Matterhorn of the Dolomites. San Martino has always been a favourite with English Alpinists, and quite a number of first ascents of the mountains around have to be placed to the credit of our countrymen.

And if it has always been loved by the climber, it has only to be known to win the same affection from the artist and the botanist.

CANAZEI (4790 ft.) in the heart of the Dolomites, is another climbers' haunt, and little wonder, for it occupies what may be termed a really strategical position. It is at the foot of the Pordoi and Sella passes, has the massive Vernel almost overhead and the mighty Marmolada with its snowfields for nearest neighbour.

Canazei is also a good starting-place for some magnificent tramps—that is, tramps as distinct from climbs. For instance, there is that to Caprile, which leads through the solemn Gorge of Sottoguda; that by way of the Val Duron and the Antermoya lake to get a "close-up" of the overwhelming Vajolet towers; and that to the Rodella Hut to "view the landscape o'er." There are at least a dozen others equally good. Canazei is decidedly for active people.

Cortina d'Ampezzo, *at the eastern end of the great road from Bolzano, ringed with splendid mountains, is the chief Dolomite resort. The world's bobsleigh championship was held here last January*

AT the end of the great Road, which has been compared to a giant switchback, is Cortina d'Ampezzo (4026 ft.), ringed round with mountains standing far enough back to be seen in all their splendid proportions.

There is no end to Cortina. It has something for everybody. There could not be a better centre for motor excursions. Its walks, varying in character, are good and numerous, and all clearly defined by means of coloured markings on trees and rocks; its swimming-pool is large, it has golf links just outside the town, and its hoteliers have been long enough at their job to know how to organise things for the entertainment of their guests.

And there is no need to be energetic to enjoy Cortina. One has only to sit on the balcony of an hotel and watch the altering moods of these individualists among mountains, with their rhythmical names—Cristallo, Pomagagnon, Sorapis, Antelao, Nuvolau, Cinque Torri, and Tofana—and never again will one speak of the mountains as "unchanging." They seem almost to change shape as well as colour, and at sunset there is an uncanny beauty about the peaks glowing as with inner fires.

IF anyone wants to escape from the bustle of the little town—and in the height of the season its nearness to the large populations of North Italy converts it into a hustling holiday haunt, with the motorist very much in evidence—there is Tre Croci, but fifteen minutes' motor-run away and 1909 feet higher. To stay at Tre Croci is almost to have it both ways—to have all the amenities of a popular resort with the quietude of the country. But Tre Croci is not "primitive": that stage is long past. There is excellent hotel accommodation, not to speak of a swimming-pool, tennis courts, golf links, and a view—such a view!

Then, too, close by, through the larch woods, is Misurina, with its placid little lake and the Three Peaks

(Concluded on page F)

Grand Hotel MOLVENO

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CANAZEI 4808 ft. — **Hotel Dolomiti Canazei.** Comfortable Alpine Hotel. Bar. Orchestra. Tennis. Walking and climbing Centre.

CORTINA–TRE CROCI 5907 ft. — **Grand Hotel Tre Croci.** First-class. Private Golf Course. Tennis. Swimming Pool. June-Sept.

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MENDOLA 4510 ft. — **Mendola Grand Hotels.** 16 miles from Bolzano. Golf Course. Tennis. Swimming Pool. Riding, etc.

GARDONE Lake Garda. — **Grand Hotel.** Facing the lake. Private bathing beach. 330 beds. 92 baths. Castiglioni and Kuttel.

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***The Sella Pass** through the Sella group, links the Val Gardena with the Dolomite road between Canazei and Ortisei*

***Ortisei,** in the lovely Val Gardena, now has an aerial railway to the astonishing "prairie" of Siusi Alp, over 6500 feet above sea-level*

The Dolomites *(Continued from page D)*

of Lavaredo partly reflected therein and looking as if they cannot be real.

There is no danger of tiring of the road between Cortina and Tre Croci, which "moves from splendour to splendour."

It has been suggested that if there is a grander road in Europe than that from Bolzano to Cortina it is that from Cortina to Bolzano. Therefore, the return journey should be made over the same ground, with one touch of improvement, substituting for the Val d'Ega the Val Gardena, which is linked up to the Dolomite Road by the awe-inspiring Sella Pass.

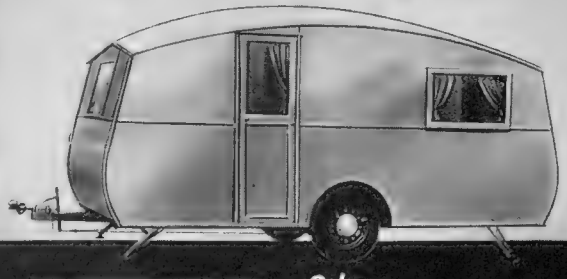
The excellence of Ortisei (4026 ft.)—which used to be known as St. Ulrich, and as such was famous the world over for its wood carving—as a resort has always been recognised, but its value has been much enhanced by the erection of an aerial railway that takes people up to the Alpe di Siusi inside six minutes. This immense plateau is the largest of its kind in Europe, and is considerably over a mile above the level of the sea. There are so many walks beginning here, and they are so easily reached and negotiated, that he would be a strangely dissatisfied person who did not wish to stay in quiet Ortisei and saunter over the Alp's great open flowery spaces all the summer through.

A Dolomite visit may appropriately end with a day or two in the district's capital, Merano, and if one is travelling there from the Gardena Valley he will be well advised to make a detour towards the north so as to cross one more pass, the Giovo. He will find Colle Isarco almost at the end of this road, and should call a halt for a few days there.

Colle Isarco (3493 ft.) is "different." It has green meadows, tilled fields, brilliant gardens, thick woods fragrant with the scent of the pines, and, of course, mountains inviting tramps to and about them. There is a quiet fascination about Colle Isarco, and its restfulness after a round of sight-seeing is something to be sought.

Merano is good all the year round: very good in winter, and especially good in spring, with its abundant fruit blossom, and in autumn, with its exquisite colouring and its grape cure. It is claimed for Merano that at times it has Riviera sunshine on one side of the street and winter sports on the other, and whilst this is not perhaps literally exact, it is not as far-fetched as it sounds. Merano, however, must be kept for another day.

A Caravan for 4 people—



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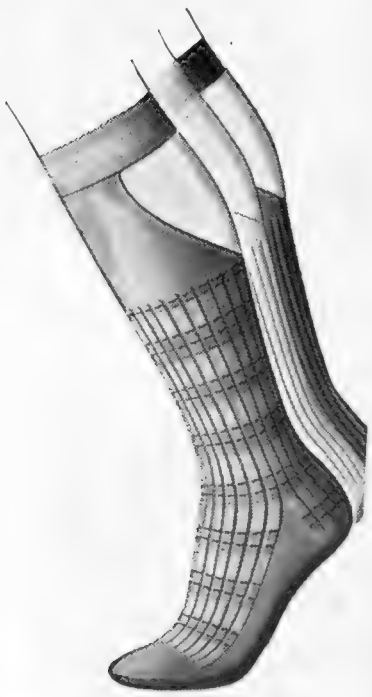

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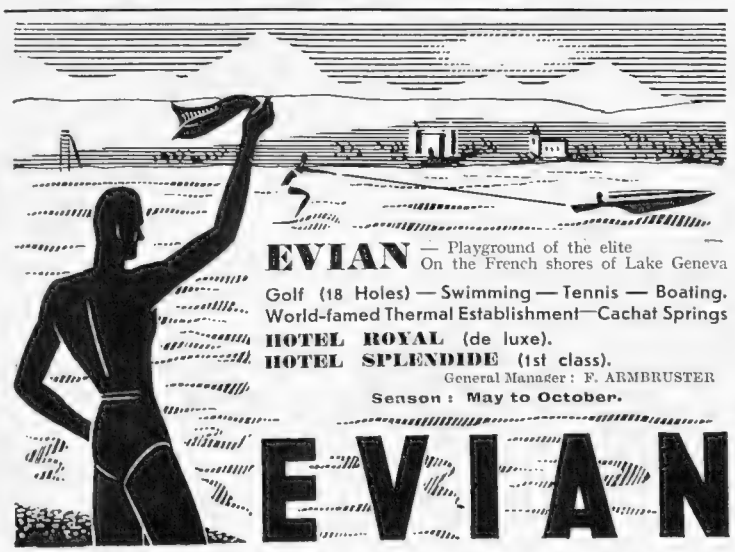

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Millington — Heaton Smith

Edward Geoffrey Lyall Millington, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, son of the late E. T. Millington, Ceylon Civil Service, and Mary Bonynge Heaton Smith, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Heaton Smith, of Yateley House, Kenley, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Wright — Spain

Philip Victor Wright, son of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Africa, and Mrs. G. W. Wright, of Wokingham, Berks, and Yolande Spain, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. A. R. Spain, of Barrackpore, were married last month at St. Bartholomew's, Barrackpore

Combe — Jessop

Flt. Lt. Andrew Nicholson Combe, first of the two bomber-pilots to reach Port Darwin in the record non-stop R.A.F. flight, married Eileen Marion Jessop, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jessop, of Alexandria, Egypt, at Christ Church, Kensington. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Nicholson, of the Boat House, Blakeney, Norfolk

Fraser — Croslegh

Bruce Donald Fraser, son of Major-General Sir Theodore Fraser, the Rookery, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, and the late Mrs. Fraser, and Audrey Croslegh, daughter of Lieut.-Col. E. L. Croslegh, of 112, Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Goodden — Ames

Wyndham Sweyn Goodden and Catherine Hobart Ames were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the eldest son of Col. Robert Goodden and Mrs. Charles Siepmann, and she is the daughter of the late Winthrop Ames, and Mrs. Ames, of North Easton, Massachusetts. George Arliss gave the bride away

Newsom — Allen

George Harold Newsom, eldest son of the late G. E. Newsom, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Newsom, of Court House, Lower Woodford, Wilts., and Margaret Amy Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien A. Allen, of Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Hope — Purser

Charles John Hope, son of the late R. C. Hope, and Mrs. Hope, of 3, the Grove, Sunderland, and Patricia Mary Purser, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Arthur Purser, of 9, Ashley Place, London, S.W.1, were married in Westminster Cathedral

Hay Wrightson

Elizabeth Broadley

Elizabeth Broadley is engaged to Lt.-Com. the Hon. David Edwardes, R.N., son of the late Lord and Lady Kensington. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley, of Priest Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey, and Seaview, I.O.W.

Margaret Marcella Marion Dupree, daughter of the late Col. Sir William Dupree, Bt., and Marion Lady Dupree, of Upperfold, Liphook, Hants., is engaged to Capt. Donald Harris Browne, son of the late Colonel Percy Browne, and Mrs. Browne, of Ashley Wood House, Blandford, Dorset

Harlip

Margaret Dupree

Harlip

Honor Pollock

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock, of 47, Onslow Square, S.W.7, and has announced her engagement to James Frederick Priestley, second son of the late Hugh W. Priestley, and Mrs. Priestley, of 9, Montagu Street, W.1

Pearl Freeman

Audrey Anne Richardson

Is the daughter of the late Sir Lewis Richardson, Bt., and Lady Richardson, of Port Elizabeth, Cape Province, S.A., and has announced her engagement to John Henry Muers Raby, son of Canon Andrew Raby, of Leicester, and the late Mrs. Raby

Lenare

Helen Briar Rose

Is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Frank Rose, Bt., and Lady Rose, of Hardwick, Whitchurch, Oxon. Her fiancé is John Granville, 52nd Light Infantry, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Bernard Granville, of Crawley, Wellesbourne, Warwick

Lenare

Irene Hill

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Hill, of Harbury Heath, Warwickshire, and will be married in June to Guy Morcton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Moreton, of Pickenham Hall, Norfolk

Tunbridge

Patricia Instone

Is the daughter of the late Sir Samuel Instone, and Lady Instone, of 11, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Her fiancé is John Curry, only son of the late T. W. Curry, and Mrs. Curry, of 81, Rodney Court, S.W.

Catherine Bell

Daphne Van de Weyer

Is the second daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. W. J. Van de Weyer, of Clyffe, Dorchester, Dorset, and is engaged to Flt. Lt. Charles Richard John Pink, R.A.F., elder son of the late Air Commodore R. C. M. Pink, and Mrs. Pink, of Laylands, Salisbury

(Concluded on page 1.)

She will welcome a gift of

BOOK TOKENS

More of life's minor tragedies are committed in the name of wedding gifts than any other. To be given fourteen salt-cellars, six rose-bowls, and a dozen toast-racks, when what you really want are pictures, antique furniture, and books, is almost enough to spoil the wedding!

Books are always a welcome gift, a necessity in every home, but too often neglected by the donor of wedding presents. If there is any doubt as to what to choose, give BOOK TOKENS and let the "newly-marrieds" make their own leisurely choice at their own bookshop after the wedding. Book Tokens can be bought at most bookshops for a few shillings up to a guinea or multiples of a guinea.

NOTE TO BRIDES-TO-BE. Add Book Tokens to that list of "presents that you'd love to have."

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Getting Married *(Continued from page K)*

Pearl Freeman

Doreen Mitchell Graham

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mitchell Graham, of 13, Moray Place, Edinburgh, and is engaged to Alexander Mitchell Hendry, only son of the late James Hendry, of Oxton, Birkenhead, and Mrs. Hendry, of 9, Balliol House, Manor Fields, S.W.15

Lenare

Patricia Margaret Grimble

Is the daughter of Major Neville Grimble, and Mrs. W. Towers-Clark, of 40, North Audley Street, W.1, and Old Garth, Bembridge, I.O.W. She will marry on June 8th Michael G. Dixon, Indian Political Service, son of the Rev. T. H. Dixon, of 13, Woburn Square, W.C.1, and the late Mrs. Dixon

Bassano

Frances Mary Coode

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Coode, of Carlton House, Stroud, Glos., and is engaged to Charles Young Carstairs, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. George Carstairs, D.D., and Mrs. Carstairs, of 22, Braid Crescent, Edinburgh

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Brodrick

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brodrick, of 5, Bickerton Road, Birkdale, Lancs., and Whitby, Yorks., and is to marry Thomas George Bishop, son of A. Henderson Bishop, of Thornton Hall, Lanarkshire, and Villars-sur-Ollon, Switzerland, and grandson of the late Sir Robert McAlpine

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Incledon-Webber

Is engaged to James C. B. W. Leonard, of the Inner Temple, son of the late Hon. J. W. Leonard, K.C., and Mrs. Leonard, of 56B, Longridge Road, S.W. She is the daughter of the late Capt. W. B. Incledon-Webber, and Mrs. Incledon-Webber, of Buckland, Braunton, Devon

Lenare

Sheila Dundas Lawrie

Is engaged to Ronald Leslie Balfour-Melville, son of J. I. Balfour-Melville, W.S., and Mrs. Balfour-Melville, of 62, Fountainhall Road, Edinburgh. She is the daughter of W. E. G. Lawrie, of 3, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, and the late Mrs. Lawrie

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 24—May 30

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer makes her London stage début in a Jacques Deval adaptation, with Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood; cheap seats: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—Patrick Hamilton's thriller with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Milton Rosmer has a short cheap-seats run: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

INQUEST.—From the Embassy, this fair thriller is set in a coroner's court, with Herbert Lomas, Hilda Trevelyan, Antoinette Cellier: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTH FLOOR.—Rodney Ackland's translation of a French comedy, with Celia Johnson, Joyce Barbour, James Mason in it: St. James's, 8.15.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—The rural thriller with Beatrix Lehmann as a too convincing homicidal nymphomaniac maid: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—A good thriller with a new idea in body-line; Nora Swinburne, John Wyse: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs. 2.30.

UNEASY LIVING.—A new comedy by Florence Kilpatrick, with Iris Hoey, Arthur Hardy, Jack Allen: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WATER CARRIER.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre Company of New York: Garrick, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality; cheap seats: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.0. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 120.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Maurice Schwartz

Renews his remarkable success with an all-Yiddish play, "The Water Carrier," at the Garrick. He first became known to London audiences at His Majesty's, three years ago, and last year played a three weeks' season at the Phœnix

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

OF MICE AND MEN.—John Steinbeck's play moves from the Gate Theatre, with the same cast—Claire Luce, Niall Macginnis, John Mills: Apollo, to-night, 24th, 8.15.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, Thurs., 25th.

CINEMAS

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film almost true to Zola's original: Paris.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis makes a tour de force as a socialite girl who meets disaster courageously: Warner.

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET (American).—Oliver Hardy, Jean Parker, and a lot of elephants. Also Boris Karloff in *The Mysterious Mr. Wong*: London Pavilion.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent, vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Berkeley.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new Pommer film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal.

J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms: Academy.

LET FREEDOM RING (American).—Stars are Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce: Empire.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS (American).—Richard Greene and Anita Louise support Princess Shirley: New Gallery.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act well in a simple, charming romance: Carlton.

MIDNIGHT (American).—John Barrymore, Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Francis Lederer, in a social drama of Paris: Plaza.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice. Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

PYGMALION (British).—A revival, by request, of Anthony Asquith's film of Shaw's play with Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard: Curzon.

THE SISTERS (American).—With Errol Flynn and Bette Davis. Also *Thanks for Everything*, with Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Binnie Barnes: Tivoli.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this good film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

AÏDA (Beecham).—To-night, 24th, 8.

DIE VERKAUFTE BRAUT (Beecham).—Thurs., 25th, 8.15.

LA TRAVIATA (Gui).—Fri., 26th, 8.15.

AÏDA (Beecham).—Mon., 29th, 8.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE (Beecham).—Tues., 30th.

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE DOYLY CARTE SEASON opens on May 29th.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The repertoire includes two new ballets, *Chronica* and *A Spring Tale*: Old Vic, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

London Music Festival:

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Boyd Neel String Orchestra play Handel, Tartini, Mozart, Bach, with Szigeti; Boyd Neel conducts: Hertford House (Wallace Collection), Thurs., 25th, 8.30.

B.B.C. ORCHESTRA and Choral Society under Toscanini give Beethoven's Missa Solennis: Queen's Hall, Fri., 26th, 8.15. and Sun., 28th, 3.

SHOWS and SPORT

BRITISH GAMES.—White City, Mon., May 29th.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.—Hoylake, to Sat., 27th.

EPSOM, THE DERBY.—To-day, 24th; the Oaks, Fri. 26th.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—The fighting forces show their paces as entertainers: Olympia, 2.30 and 8.

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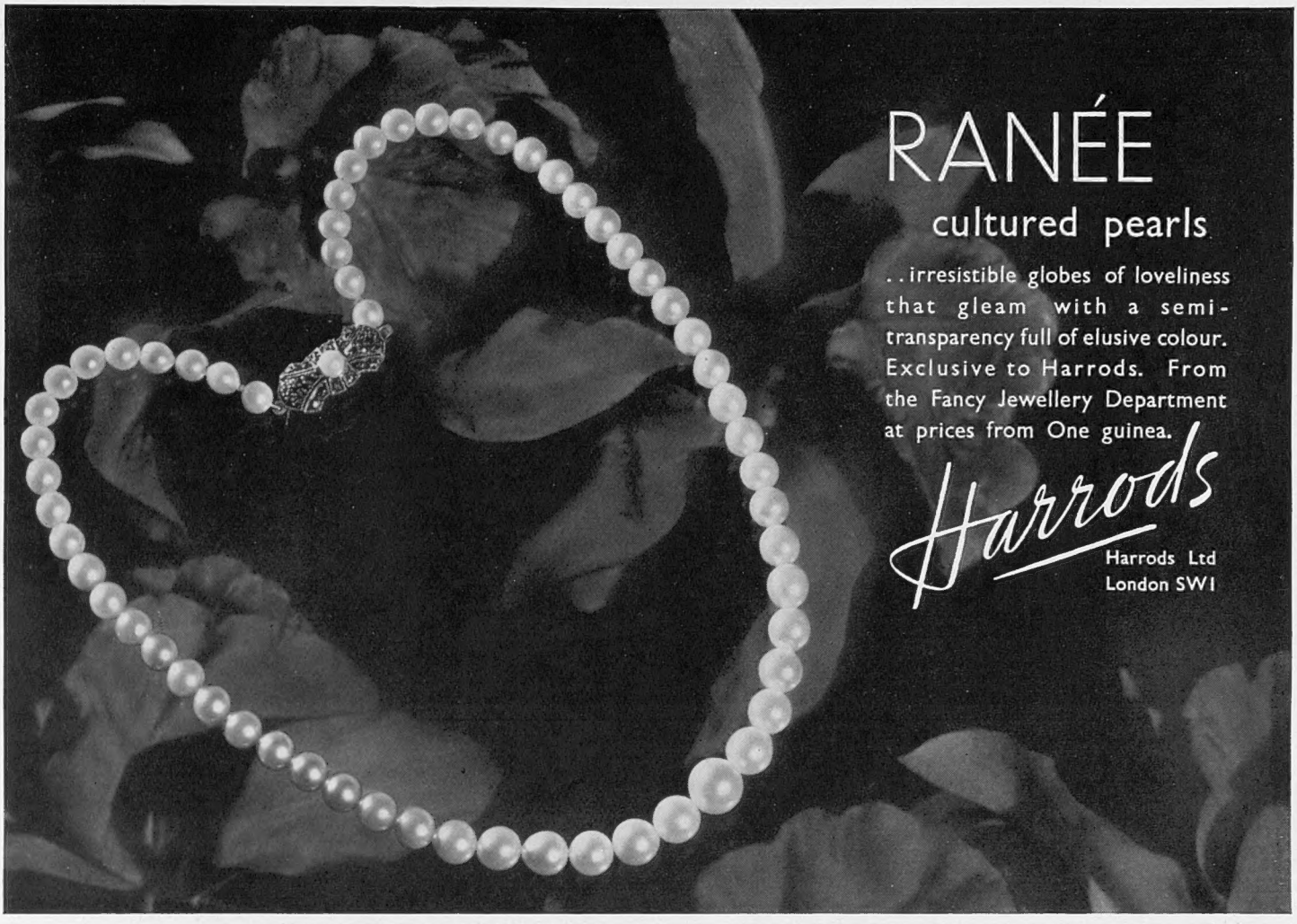

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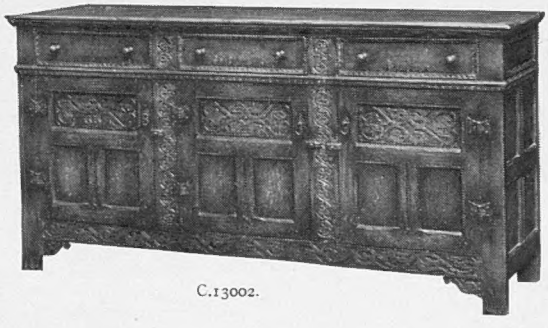

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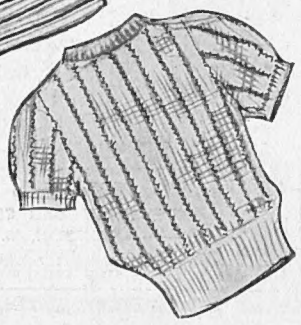

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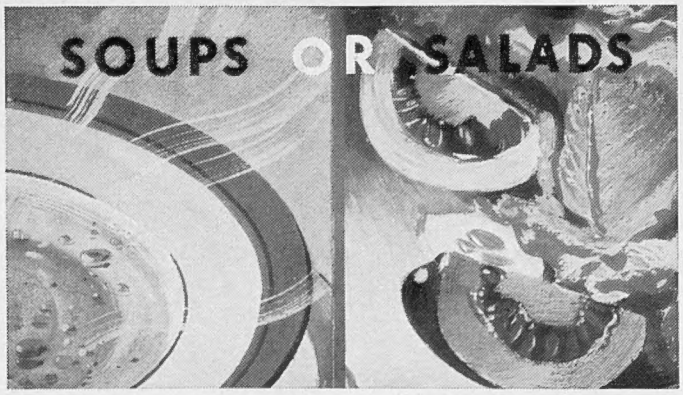

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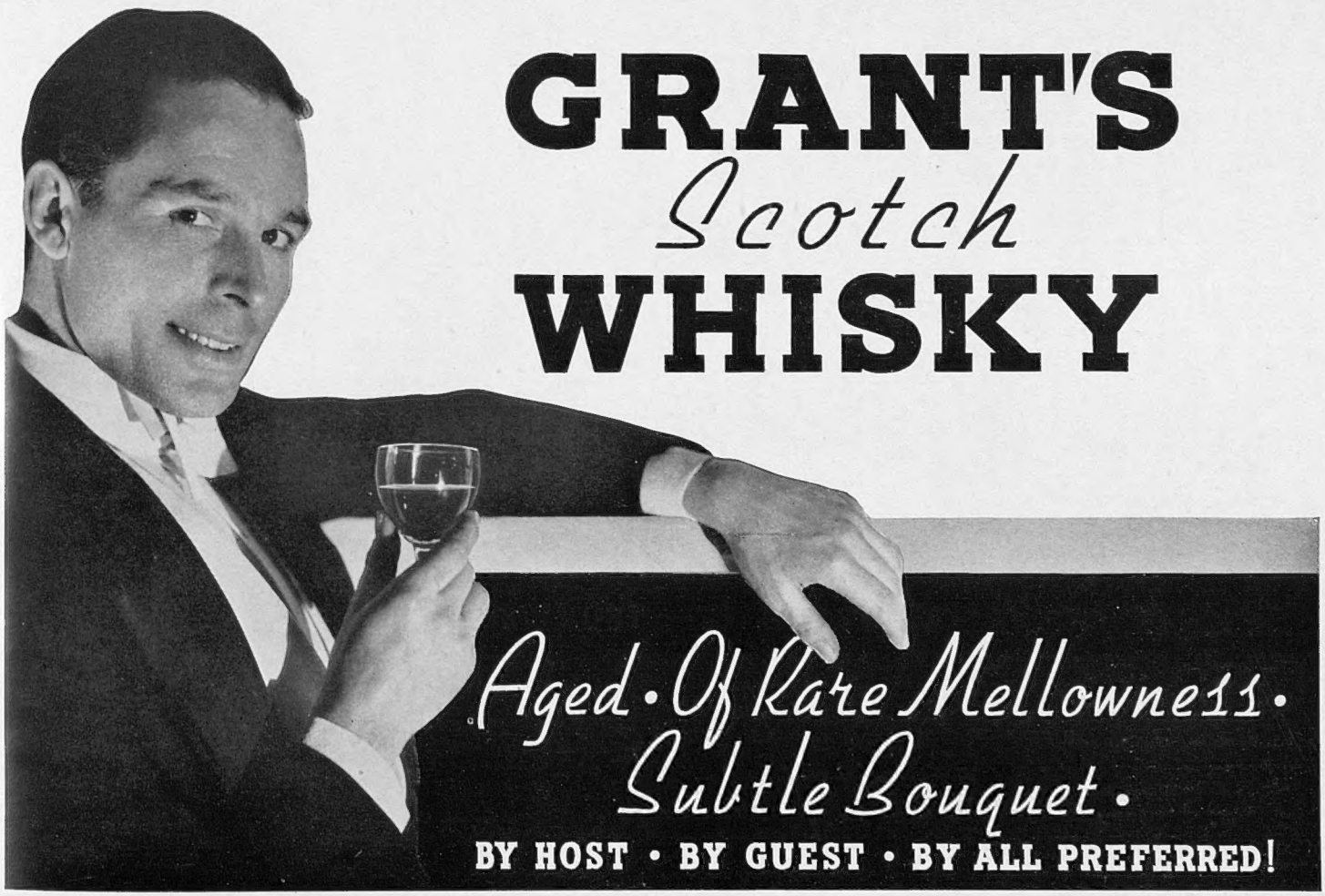

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